THE

LIGUORIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING



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Amongst Ourselves

The material and spiritual are quite nicely crossed in the month of March—both on the penitential side. It is income tax month, when big and little citizens alike will have to snip from their savings what will seem to be good-sized chunks for the purposes and benefits of government. It is also a solid month of Lenten observances. Might as well supernaturalize the forced donations to state and federal governments, making them acts of self-denial and renunciation in penance for past sins, in prayer for good government, and in self-strengthening against too fond a love of money. And it will be good, too, to read the article "Uncle Sam Supports Charity" in this issue of The Liguorian before writing the final income tax check. However, paying an income tax toward the liquidation of the astronomical national debt and the upkeep of good government should not be the only supernaturalized action during March. It is the time for fasting and praying; the more of these things done during Lent, the better and happier the rest of the year will be.

Several months ago we published an article on the closed shop, which topic has gathered even livelier interest since that time, what with the bills passed against the closed shop by a few states and the bills being proposed in Congress to outlaw it nationally. We should have mentioned in the article that much of the research behind it was done some years ago by J. L. Toner at Catholic University in Washington and published in the form of a thesis called "The Closed Shop," which is easily the most complete treatise written on the topic to date. We do not know whether the book is available for sale, or whether it has been reprinted, but we shall find out, and, if it can be obtained, offer it to those students of the question who want to look at it from all possible angles. The question of the closed shop will become increasingly important in all labor disputes as time goes on, and it is good to know where an intensive study of it can be found.

The Liguorian Pamphlet Office is publishing this month a "Message to Negroes." It is intended especially for those colored people who have been swayed or are in danger of being swayed by the false and deceptive propaganda of the Communists. Anyone who has contact with Negroes or who can make such contact should have copies of the pamphlet to hand out to them. It was written by D. J. Corrigan, C. SS. R., who has been working for Negroes for over a decade, and who knows both what they need and what they are being falsely promised by Communist propaganda. The pamphlet sells for 10 cents a copy, $7.00 a hundred.

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The *Liguorian*

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THE Liguorian

a magazine for the lovers of good reading

Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

How Sick Are Americans?

It is possible now to look over the health situation in America, and to face some not very pleasant truths about it.

D. F. Miller

MODERN war brings out many facts about a nation that would otherwise scarcely ever become adequately known. This is especially true of a democratic nation, in which privacy is respected and in which, in time of peace, the citizens would resent and rebel against any undue probing into their personal affairs on the part of the civil authority by which they are governed. In war, personal matters are subjected to the common good; the necessity of a thorough knowledge of all the assets and liabilities of the nation is recognized by all; people submit to examinations and questionnaires that leave little in the realm of secrecy; and the result is that many facts come to light that are useful for the nation even apart from the purposes of war.

One such fact is the state of the health of the seemingly able-bodied men of the nation. The draft law that was passed for the emergency subjected every man between the ages of 18 and 37 to compulsory military service if he did not belong to one of the very few exempt categories and if he passed the medical examination that was designed to ascertain his fitness for duty in the army or navy. Thus millions of men passed under the eyes of physicians; records were made of their state of health and well-being; those records have since been collated and analyzed, and in their story is to be found a picture of the health of America.

It is possible, of course, and very probable, that the standards of different physicians in different parts and localities of the country, according to which they accepted or rejected candidates for military service, were subject to individual and varying interpretations. Scarcely anyone has not heard service men tell of individuals in their outfits who were passed by the medical examiners with physical defects that were obvious to the naked lay eye. On the other hand, complaints among civilians were not uncommon, to the effect that men who seemed in the pink of condition were rejected by medical examiners. It would be naive to think that in so large a country as America there would be no instance of politics, personal interest, even bribery and corruption, influencing the judgment of professional men who were

supposed to pass solely on the physical and mental qualifications of those whose numbers came up in the draft. Yet even discounting such unpatriotic instances, the over-all figures of those who had to be rejected on the grounds of health are enlightening, and they afford to the citizens of different states an opportunity to compare themselves with the people of other states, and perhaps, if their own conditions have been found to be bad, to campaign for an improvement of the health services within their reach.

The figures on health for the nation as a whole are alarming, to say the least. For the purposes of the draft, 17,384,700 men between 18 and 37 were examined; of these, 5,249,200 were rejected because of some deficiency in mental or physical health. This means that 30.2 per cent of all American men in the prime of life were found to be physically or mentally unfit for the duties of defending their country under arms. It means that 3 out of 10 of the men in America are harboring some form of disease, disability or disorder. That is a high percentage for a nation that boasts of its health and stresses health so much in its education, literature and advertisements.

But the figures can be broken down according to states, and the worst and the best states can be discovered. Looking first for the states that had the highest percentage af rejections, one finds this peculiar fact, that the eleven states that had the worst record represent as a bloc the solid south. Here is the way the eleven states with the highest percentage of rejections line up, the numbers representing the proportion of men examined who were rejected:

1. South Carolina 44.2
2. North Carolina 42.9
3. Georgia 42.2
4. Alabama 39.7
5. Arkansas 39.1
6. Louisiana 36.7
7. Mississippi 36.6
8. Kentucky 36.1
9. Virginia 35.8
10. Florida 35.3
11. Tennessee 35.2

There are several possible, and interrelated, explanations of this remarkable fact. One that can be immediately ruled out, but which might come to somebody's mind, is that the south is climatically and geographically an unhealthy place to live. Southerners need not worry that such a conclusion will be drawn by very many, so long as northerners continue to flock to the south both for their vacations and to recuperate from their northern illnesses. More probable are the following interrelated causes. First, health conditions usually parallel in large measure the degree of literacy in a people; since illiteracy is quite high in the south, it is to be expected that there will be found in that section a corresponding high percentage of unrevealed and untreated physical disabilities. Secondly, a large proportion of the inhabitants of the south are economically underprivileged, therefore unable to provide for themselves the medical attention that would reduce the high rate of disability. No one who knows anything about the share-croppers, wandering cotton-pickers, bottom land dwellers, etc. can doubt that there is economic underprivilege in the south. Nor can anyone be surprised that people who cannot afford a doctor will be found suffering from many ills that a doctor's care could either prevent or cure. Unbalanced and insufficient diet is, of course, a part of this picture. Thirdly, it is a documented fact that there simply are not enough doctors, medical centers, hospitals, etc.,

in the south to take care of the needs of the people living there. Surveys made at the time the Murray-Dingell bill for publicly provided medical services throughout the nation was debated in Congress revealed appalling deficiencies in many sections of the south in this regard, and gave cogent arguments to those who supported what others called "socialization of medicine." With illiteracy and underprivilege, many parts of the south have little in the way of religious care, or what they have is of a very low order, with the result that morals suffer, and the diseases that go with immorality thrive.

It would be easy, but not wholesome, to say that the high percentage of rejections in the south is due entirely to the huge Negro population there. First of all, it is a common fallacy that only the Negroes in the south are badly off, educationally, economically, medically, and morally. The truth is that there are many white people just as abandoned. Moreover, the fact that many Negroes are as badly off as they are is not one about which anyone should be proud or complacent, nor one about which nobody should be willing to do anything. They do need greater and better facilities for education; they do need opportunities to advance into the professions themselves, that they may be able to do something for their own neglected people; they do need economic betterment to attain any of these other goals. The south has much to be blamed for in this regard, but the north is not without blame either. Northern industry has frequently conspired against the economic expansion of the south; sometimes it has moved plants into the south only to capitalize on the subsistence wages it can get by on paying there; and it has expended few of its resources of talent and discovery to promote the welfare of the south. Various organizations in the south have been vigorously attacking the problems that are all bound up with the health problem; the rejection figures provided by the draft records should inspire them to even greater efforts.

At the other extreme are the states which showed the best record in the health examinations for the draft. The lowest number of rejections were made in states so widely separated and so different in character that it is all but impossible to draw conclusions that fit all, except that they have probably developed health measures and facilities for their citizens that surpass those of states that were not able to equal their record. Among the eleven best there are states as far apart as New Jersey and Nevada, and states as different in climate and occupation as Connecticut and Wyoming. The blue ribbon championship goes to New Jersey, a highly populated little chunk of the United States, where only a flat 23 per cent of those examined for the draft had to be rejected. Here is a list of the top eleven states, whose citizens have a right to be proud of the fact that their record is as good as it is, though not too proud because it seems so evident that every record could be improved upon:

1. New Jersey 23.0
2. Utah 23.1
3. Kansas 23.9
4. Nevada 24.2
5. Iowa 24.7
6. Wyoming 25.0
7. Wisconsin 25.3
8. Idaho 25.5
9. Connecticut 25.7
10. Pennsylvania 25.7
11. Oregon 25.7

All the other states of the union will find themselves somewhere between Cal-

ifornia's 25.9 and Vermont's 34.0. It is something worth time and attention for each state to try to reduce the percentage of sick or disabled citizens, even though another poll like this one may never again be taken.

Another interesting feature of the collected data on rejections for military service is the breakdown of the principal causes for rejections. Taking a cross section of these after the war was well under way (April, 1942 to March, 1943), one can gain a fairly accurate average of the chief deficiencies that were found in the men of America. They line up as follows, the percentages representing what proportion of all the men rejected suffered from the specfic disability named:

1. Mental disease 12.5
2. Syphilis 9.4
3. Bone or muscle defects 9.3
4. Heart disease 8.8
5. Eye trouble 7.8
6. Hernia 7.8
7. Educational deficiency 7.7
8. Nervous disease 5.5
9. Ear trouble 5.0
10. Tuberculosis 3.7
11. All others 22.5

It would be interesting and profitable to be able to break down these figures into how many represent congenital and how many acquired disabilities; how many might have been prevented by proper care, training, etc., and how many might have been completely cured; into how many were entirely unknown to those who were suffering from them, before their examination, and how many were borne consciously and perhaps painfully but in silence. One conclusion can be drawn, however, and it is this: we are a far more ailing nation than we ever dreamed, and we ail from a great many ills that might either be prevented or cured. It is time we used our education, our resources and our individual desires for perfect health to better advantage.

Political Platforms

In the last presidential election in Uruguay one of the candidates was Don Domingo Tortorelli of Montevideo, who made 602 campaign speeches on the following platform:

Cancellation of all existing debts
Ceiling of two cents a pound on meat
Four-hour working day with all salaries doubled
Free milk and wine in public drinking fountains
A law against radio commercials

On this platform Don Tortorelli received less than 600 votes. Recognizing the will of the people thus expressed, he has promised to run for president in the next election on the following platform:

Sixteen-hour working day for everybody
All salaries to be cut in half
Double interest rates on all debts
Fees to be charged for drinking water at public fountains

"The people," he says, "have asked for it."

Five Girls and a Magazine

Look in on the beginning of one of those miracles of grace and courage that transform worlds.

D. J. Corrigan

WHEN Father John McCormick, C.Ss.R., came up this past summer for a brief vacation from his labors in the torrid valley of the Amazon in Brazil, he spent a good bit of his time in gathering vestments, machines, and medicines for his missions. But most of all he wanted nuns. "What we need," he declared, "are not Sisters who will work merely in hospitals and schools, but nuns who will teach and nurse and do social work out in our jungle stations in Brazil." Needless to say, he found it difficult to locate just that type of Sisterhood, although one congregation has volunteered to attempt such missionary activity for him. Yet at the present time there are in Detroit five pioneers who are well on their way toward launching just the kind of religious community he wanted.

The new little missionary society just starting in Detroit numbers five. Three are native Detroiters. Another, just graduated from nurses' training, is from Kansas. The eldest of the group, Sister Helen Xavier, calls St. Louis her birthplace. These five have plenty of courage —courage inspired evidently by the Holy Ghost. For nearly four years they led a community life in lay dress amidst prayers and many privations. The first six months they lived in a little rented house in one of the poorer districts of Detroit. So unprepossessing was their financial status that their landlady demanded six months' rent in advance before she would let them move in! They had no income, and Providence was their banker.

Their principal work since then has been the publication of a magazine. Three years ago these girls knew little of the intricacies of publishing, to say nothing of printing a magazine, but to secure vocations they had to make their noble purpose known and they needed material support. Today they are better known, but they are still losing money on the magazine.

The latter, known as the *Catholic Mission Digest* with a circulation a little in excess of 1400, deserves more readers. Bound by an attractive cover in varying colors, its neatly printed forty pages just about defy belief that it is almost entirely produced by amateurs — and girls at that! A valuable helper in their enterprise, however, has been Paula Kurth, an invalid, whose name has frequently appeared in Catholic periodicals. The material for the *Digest* is ably selected from the leading mission magazines, but each issue contains a brief account of the ups and downs of the new community to be. These short sketches, presented with a touch of humor and a deep trust in God, make a story in themselves. For example:

> "We take turns doing the cooking now. Today it was Dorothy's turn. Dorothy be it whispered, does not know too much about that gentle art. At the usual time the bell rang for Examen before dinner. We went to the chapel and set about our besetting sins. It would have been easy to meditate on the subject of hell fire, because during the entire fifteen minutes our nostrils were assailed by the odor of burning food. With noble delicacy we refrained from intimating to the cook-of-the-day that something was amiss below. She knelt

in her place, apparently lost to things of earth. Examen over, we trooped to the kitchen. The air was blue with smoke, and a pan of cinderized potatoes was on the stove.

"Yes, Dorothy told us, she had smelled the burning, but she did not let it disturb her peace of mind. 'I thought of St. Theresa's: Let nothing disturb thee; nothing affright thee: so I said to myself: nuts to the potatoes!'"

Dorothy Uber, the youngest of the group, came from Holy Redeemer Parish, Detroit, and her name in religion is Sister Paul.

Last May they were permitted to don uniform gray habits of probation; their secular clothes were by now beyond repair. They had permission to begin their novitiate as early as 1944, but difficulty had been encountered in securing missionary Sisters to give them the training required by canon law in the case of new communities. The Mother General of the Columban Sisters in Ireland has summoned home one of her Sisters just released from internment in Shanghai, China, but the Sister waited over a year in vain for transportation by boat before she finally secured air transportation via Australia and Ireland to the United States, finally arriving in October, 1946 with a companion from "the emerald isle." The two Sisters will remain with the new missionary society in the capacities of novice mistress and superior until the end of the first two-year period of novitiate.

* * *

It was late in August when I rang their door bell. Sister Paul (Dorothy) smiled and let me in with hands that, I noticed, were stained with printer's ink. Yes, she could tell me about the new missionary community, but I would have to get the whole story from Sister Helen Xavier, their foundress, who acts as editor of the *Digest* under the pseudonym Mary T. McManus. Florence Parker hadn't received a religious name or habit as yet, because she was away in Montana training to become a nurse. Honorine Esper (Sister Francis Xavier) couldn't come up right away, as she was cleaning her one and only habit.

They showed me the convent and told me their story, a story of plans and hopes that are as lofty as Christ's, right there in the heart of industrial America: Detroit.

From early girlhood, Sister Helen Xavier was keenly interested in the foreign missions, particulary in India. In her Protestant childhood she used to delight in helping pack the annual "missionary barrel" to be sent to some poor missionary. The story of the years that followed her entrance into the Church, the years of seeking a religious community that offered pioneer mission work directly among the people — a search that led her to France and England in the early twenties—of her entrance into a religious community for work in India, of her consequent disappointment in not finding the mission work of which she had so long dreamed, and of her efforts, made futile by the war, to transfer through Rome to a community doing active and pioneer mission work— all this is too long a story to be told in these lines.

"Nine tenths of India's women are out in the jungle, beyond the reach of our Catholic Sisters," she told me. "Priests cannot see them. The social customs of the country forbid them speech with men out of the immediate family. It is only women doctors, nurses, teachers and social workers who can approach them." It was Sister Helen's earnest wish to go into the jungles to minister to these women, using medicine, education, and social service as avenues of approach to their souls.

The summer of 1942, at the height of the submarine warfare, saw a troopship making its zig-zag way through perilous waters bringing hundreds of Protestant missionaries, Sister Helen Xavier among them, back to American shores. She was returning from India on a dubious quest, with a letter addressed to the then Archbishop Mooney, now Cardinal. Cardinal Mooney, who understood conditions in India from his years as Apostolic Delegate in that country, gave her a sympathetic welcome and listened with ready understanding to her ideas of mission service among the women and children of India. It was during one of her interviews with him that the idea of the *Catholic Mission Digest* was born. It was not, however, until October 7 that official permission was granted to go ahead with the new community, for which Msgr. Leo De Berry, of the Propagation of the Faith, was appointed spiritual director. Aside from that she was alone, with a magazine to be published and a religious order to be founded.

"There was an acute housing shortage in Detroit, which made it almost impossible to secure lodgings. There was that early December night spent in the waiting room of the Fort Street station, and those days of tramping the streets of Detroit in sub-zero weather looking for a room within my means. There was that unspeakable series of 'house keeping rooms'—dingy, musty-smelling, with worn carpets, roaches, and slatternly landladies.

"My system was simple. During the week I worked at the beginnings of the magazine in the Chancery Building. On Sundays, armed with a map of the city and all the 'For Rent Rooms' columns clipped from the Sunday papers, I walked the streets looking for a room cleaner than the one at the moment, though at the same price! December, January, and February are nightmares of remembrance!"

Finally, by April 1, 1943, she had a house on Vermont street, tiny and unfurnished, but because of its poverty an ideal "cradle" for the future religiuos community. As yet, though, she had no companions. To remedy this, she began a novena to Blessed Martin de Porres and hardly had she finished when two members presented themselves, Florence and Honorine, who have been with her ever since.

"Florence was the first to enter in point of time. She came at night to find the door locked and no one there. She managed to effect a house-breaking—the windows had bent nails for catches—but finding no beds put up and no bedding in sight, she left her luggage there and went home for the night. Your editor came along later and slept on a mattress the remainder of the night.

"Honorine came a morning or so later, in a blinding snowstorm. The front door was wide open, so she walked in. She had to climb over a heap of disreputable furniture piled in the middle of the floor. There was no heat in the house, but two strange men were putting up a gas stove in the kitchen. There was no one else to greet her."

During the first two weeks it was bitterly cold in the house, but the girls took it all with a laugh and set about the business of getting out the first issue of the *Digest*. This appeared in April, 1943, and with practically no subscribers and heavy printing costs, threw the infant community for a financial loss. Somehow, through donations and the help of friends the little publication survived and today is a fixture in their organizaion.

Now established, the little community was gradually to prosper. It is true, there were to be times when there was no food in the larder, and other periods when the girls were chilled to the bone. The first important advance took place when Archbishop Mooney arranged, in September 1943, that they

be given the abandoned convent at 30725 Van Dyke Avenue, of the Slovak Dominican Sisters, who had moved on to Pontiac. Being out of the city limits, this building had no water supply, and its heating and plumbing were worn out. The latter deficiencies have been repaired, but the Sisters, in spite of repeated efforts at drilling a well, still have to transport ten-gallon milk cans, full of water and well stoppered, to their home. Aside from that, the building, with needed repairs, was ideal for their purpose as there was plenty of room and a ready made chapel, even though the place was as bare as an empty barn. Good friends, however, soon came to their rescue in equipping the chapel and rooms, but the girls did most of the work in cleaning and painting the place.

Since they were now comparatively out in the country, they decided to begin a farm (in a small way.)

> "The promised cow arrived in due season. A registered Holstein, it gives so much milk that in desperation we had to go out one morning and buy two pigs to help consume it. The pigs are thriving mightily; so are the girls. Honorine is trying to master two arts: milking the cow and driving the Dodge car that Father DeBerry bought for our use.
>
> "We have also acquired a cat, a very unusual cat, so Honorine tells us. Florence does not like cats; the rest of us are neutral on the subject . . . . .Now a dog has attached himself to us. So goes our young farm."

Later on they were to add chickens and rabbits (after building a chicken coop) and plant some fruit trees. But they were to have difficulties with their cow:

> "The cow is becoming quite a problem; she acts like a combination of Spanish bull and western bronco. When we take her out to pasture she snorts, paws the ground, and bucks. Then with head lowered she begins to pursue whoever is at the end of the chain. They tell us it is because she feels young and gay. Privately, however, we feel that it is because she doesn't like girls."

By this time they had completed plans for their religious habits:

> "Our habits will be simple and modern. The mission colors are red and white. Our habits therefore, will be cream white with a deep red cord edging the scapular and girdle. An emblem will be worn on the breast."

During the summer of 1944, after a year of publishing the *Mission Digest*, they came to the conclusion that because of high costs they would have to stop publication or learn to print it themselves.

> "Publication costs were more than double the income from subscriptions . . . . We are now the owners of a motor-driven, hand-fed printing press, weighing more than a ton. Alas, it would not go through any door in our convent. We had to get a hole knocked into our basement to admit the monster. Florence, who has been nominated printer because of her long arms, is now learning the trade from an obliging Catholic printer."

But then their first attempt at printing almost ended in disaster:

> "The press was rebuilt, supposedly, but some parts must have been overlooked in the rebuilding. The motor wouldn't work; so our electrician simply borrowed the one from the brine well in the basement. It worked the press at a speed no human being could possibly feed. Different pulleys reduced the speed from six thousand revolutions an hour to one sixth that number. Florence pulled the switch and the giant wheel began to revolve. A few revolutions and crash! Bang! Parts seemed to fly in all directions. One of the rollers had flown out, and since there was no brake, the press closed on it several times before it could be stopped. We viewed the remains with great dismay."

Somehow, though, they got the machine fixed and put out their first home-printed edition. At another time:

> "The press jammed shut and refused to open. Two days later a mechanic came out from town, gave us a most pitying look and the wheel of the press a good, sturdy kick. It unrolled and opened."

But by another year they found their ancient, hand-fed, press inadequate:

> "Our old press is a time killer and it's back-breaking. We start feeding it at eight in the morning and in two hour shifts work until ten p. m. Eight hundred impressions an hour are its safe limit—at any faster rate it would begin shedding parts. Our work requires about a hundred thousand impressions a month. Figure it out, and you will know how many days a month we stand at the press."

And so they ordered a new automatic press:

> "Automatic equipment will save us ten to twelve days a month. We trust in Providence. So much so that we have ordered an automatic press, a Miehle Vertical, and have borrowed the money to pay for it!"

The sisters now have their eyes on a linotype machine, but a linotype is beyond their means and credit at present.

Thus the little community is rounding into shape, making ready for its first novitiate. There have been some candidates who have come and departed, others who were fearful of entering a new and untried organization, but the five girls, three of them just out of their teens, are sticking to their purpose, confident that soon God will send other zealous, courageous souls to join them.

On May 11, 1944, Archbishop Mooney was granted permission by Rome to allow them to start as a pious association, to be called the *Catholic Missionary Sisters of St. Francis Xavier.* Their purpose was defined as:

> "To afford religious, social, and medical assistance, principally in India, to women, to those with child, and to girls; to establish orphanages for the very young, to found hospitals, dispensaries, and schools."

Thus they have the official support of the Church in their undertaking, and God willing, they are sure to become a valued organ in the Mystical Body of Christ.

And now? December 3, 1946, saw the fruition of four years of prayer and painful waiting. On the Feast of their patron, St. Francis Xavier, four of the five pioneer members knelt at the feet of His Eminence, Cardinal Mooney and received at his hands the white habits of their society. They listened to the reading of the Decree of Erection, the promulgation of which marked their canonical erection in the Church, and gave them official standing. The Society of Catholic Mission Sisters of St. Francis Xavier is now an accomplished fact.

Today the pioneer Sisters have one big hope, and for that they ask your prayers:

> "Ask God to send us virile souls, girls of courage and resourcefulness. Girls endowed with a saving sense of humor and blessed with the virtue of great generosity. Girls who have initiative and intelligence, who are not afraid to tackle the strange and unknown. Girls, in short, whose love of God is strong enough to lead them to the far reaches of the earth to seek souls for Him."



Character Test (46)

The Show-Off

L. M. Merrill

A frequently heard term of dislike and deprecation of others is the term "show-off." It decribes a certain unlovely trait of character that some people have nurtured in themselves from childhood, never learning the adult virtues of humility and decent reserve.

Children just emerging into consciousness of their appeal to adults are all inclined to be show-offs, and it is one of the first tasks of good parents to check such inclinations. In the presence of guests of their parents they will do all manner of strange and foolish things just to attract and hold attention to themselves. Wise parents send them off to bed, or outdoors to play by themselves, when it is obvious that they want only to hold the center of attention.

Alas, it is not possible to send to bed or outdoors the adult show-off who happens to get into a social gathering. He takes the center of the floor, or of the conversation, and refuses to relinquish it for two minutes to anybody else. He thinks of himself as "the life of the party" whereas in reality he is a nuisance and a bore. This does not mean that a person is a show-off who has a talent for some specific form of entertainment and who uses it solely to please others. The show-off is usually without much talent but with a colossal ego, which cannot stand to see anyone in the limelight except himself.

The show-off can also be quickly recognized in public places, such as trains, depots, theatres, in stores, etc. He is the one who cannot speak in a moderate tone of voice, but always loudly and raucously so that everybody around will be bound to hear him. He is the one who makes statements in a pontificating sort of way, so that strangers will be sure to look at him. He is the one who knows all sorts of practical jokes, and who makes use of them even on strangers so that he will make an impression on the bystanders.

A show-off is so unpleasant a character that many people's first reaction to his antics is the suspicion that he is drunk. Excessive drink often does make show-offs out of otherwise reserved persons; but a show-off even without drink is almost as unpleasant a person to behold.

On Getting Rich Quick

The author generously divulges a secret that hundreds of people have been looking for high and low.

E. F. Miller

WHO is the man who does not want to get rich? Who is the man who does not want to get rich in the quickest possible time with the least amount of trouble? In this at least, all men are created equal. Were it not so, there would be no explanation for the actions of countless individuals who in bygone years have sold Brooklyn Bridge over and over again to unwary strangers who visited the large city with their life-savings in their stocking or dangling from a string around their neck. The former wanted to turn a fast penny by their wits instead of by their muscles while the latter had visions of a steady income from an investment that would forever eliminate labor from their lives. Both were motivated by the same desire —to get rich quick.

In view of this universal aspiration we, in the interest of our readers, have decided to throw all caution to the winds and draw a metaphorical map showing the way to a hidden vein of gold that has only to be tapped to bring down into the lap of the explorer so great a load of riches as could hardly exist or have existed outside the vaults of a bank. Nor does the gathering in of this treasure entail much work. It merely means the writing of a book. This may seem like a difficult project; but it is not. At least every grown person has at some time or another written a book in his mind; and it is certain that every person, whether grown-up or not, thinks that he can write a book on paper. So, there is his start.

The first requisite for the man who decides to make his fortune by means of writing a book is to know how to write. He does not have to know how to write very well. Generally it will do if he can compose a simple declarative sentence, containing a subject and a predicate and coming to a complete stop at the point where the period is supposed to be placed. In fact, it is very much in his favor if he can write only a simple declarative sentence. The tendency nowadays is simplicity—simplicity in grammar as well as in everything else. If a man were to clutter up his paragraphs with all the tricks that rhetoric and syntax afford him, most likely his book would receive the fate that is meted out to all compositions that exploit the various nuances of language for the exposition of an idea. Sometimes it might even be well for him to leave out of his sentence a subject or a predicate. Popular authors have been doing this with some regularity, and the critics have been unanimously praising them for it, saying that such truncated sentences showed great strength and power. However, if he can write on a piece of paper a simple declarative sentence he has the beginning of his book already assured. If he cannot write a simple declarative sentence, he can quickly learn by enrolling at a night school, or what is still better, by subscribing to a correspondence course in which he can take n all that is necessary in five or six easy lessons. Surely that is a cheap price for the fortune that he is going to make when he has the simple declar-

ative sentence mastered.

The second requisite for the book-writer is an idea. This is no more difficult than the first. The idea does not have to be clear-cut and precise; neither need it carry any definite meaning. The writers of radio scripts have been prospering for years on ideas that had and have no more substance to them than a shadow on the ground. This holds especially true for the type of radio script that is supposed to be serious. Very few people ever laugh at the humor as it comes out of the radio. Many laugh who are in the studio. It has never been explained why this is, that is, why people in studios laugh so uproariously at ideas that are not only not humorous ideas but that are not ideas at all in the strict sense of the word. It may be that they are hypnotized. Be that as it may, the fact remains that there should be no trouble in finding an idea. The best advice in regard to the finding of an idea is to close the eyes and the mind, and merely wait until one comes along. It is surprising how impossible it is for the mind to remain without an idea for any length of time.

Once the author has settled on his idea, all that remains is for him to sit down and write. He can either use pencils or a typewriter. Famous authors incline towards typewriters, although Eugene O'Neil wrote his marathonic "The Iceman Cometh" by means of pencils only. Padding is an essential *sine qua non* for any book that is written for the purpose of making money. The idea is the thing—that should always be kept in mind. If, at the end of the book, the reader can sum up the whole idea of the book in one sentence, that book is a success. Thus, there must be a great deal of meaningless prose surrounding the idea if the required number of pages are to be filled. Shakespeare gave the classic definition of a modern book through the medium of one of his characters who in a burst of rhetoric cried out: "Words! Words! Words." The more words the author uses the better will he fare.

It is not wise to spend too much time on the writing of the book. If the time put in has any relation to the money that is to be gained, how is it that Somerset Maughan can turn out a book almost over a week-end, and still be given thousands of dollars as a reward? How is it that practically all the highly-paid authors are speed artists? It must be that inspiration should not be allowed to cool. One should begin to write and not stop even to think. Thinking can be most dangerous to those who want to get rich quick. It is action that counts—red-hot action with a pen or a typewriter—action that sends one word crashing after the other in battle array —action that heaps up paragraphs and chapters in mountainous piles—action that does not allow for a pause until the very end. That is the secret.

But all the above is futile if a publisher is not found. A publisher can make or break the incipient author. If the publisher is sold on the idea that forms the substance of the book, the author can write his book in Greek or Hebrew and still be assured of a couple hundred thousand dollars from eager buyers. A case in point here is "Forever Amber." It is quite generally agreed that "Forever Amber" is a book that would hardly pass a test in the third grade for English composition. Yet, a million and more copies were sold, and that in spite of the fact that few people read what they purchased. Those individuals who have charge of *Lost and Found* departments recently put out a statement to the effect that

of all the articles that were lost and evenually turned up in their department, there never was a single one that had so few claimants as "Forever Amber." If a man lost an umbrella he tried to find it. If a man misplaced his hat he made a search for it even though it was an old hat. But those people who lost "Forever Amber" apparently had no desire to find it. It may be that they were glad they lost it. Perhaps they lost it on purpose. But whether the purchasers wanted the book or not, they made the woman rich who wrote it. She is now so completely in the upper brackets that Artie Shaw (the band-man) did not hesitate to take her for his fifth wife.

The same good fortune has come to "The Egg and I." No one would ever even whisper that a genius wrote "The Egg and I." The more common judgement about the author is that she is a sort of neurotic, or if not that, a person who got married but who never should have got married, for she was not able to accept the rugged circumstances of her married life. Her husband was an egg and chicken man. But she did not like eggs and chickens. So she spent the better part of two or three hundred pages telling people how much she disliked them. When she is not speaking of her dislike, she is telling stories about her neighbors who must have escaped from some asylum. A kind of *Tobacco Road* spirit pervades the book. And there is not an inspiring thought in it from cover to cover. Yet, again, more than a million copies were sold, and the authoress was enabled to get a divorce and move away from her egg and chicken man and begin a life more in accord with her new-found riches. She had a good publisher.

Once upon a time it was believed that an author had to be a man with long hair and eccentric habits in order to reach the heights of great or at least popular composition. All that is changed now. If he has a good publisher, he is on the way. Sometimes it takes a bit of money to make a publisher see the goodness of the book that he is asked to publish. One cannot expect the publisher to take every chance. Even though the campaign that he undertakes is powerful enough to sell almost any kind of book, still he cannot afford to print too many stinkers in a row. The people may begin to get suspicious. If the people get suspicious, where would he be? So, he is covered by the sum of money that the author puts up for the first printing. If the book goes over, then he assumes all further responsibility. On the other hand, if an author already has a reputation, he does not have to put up any money at all. The publishers will be competing with one another for the privilege of advertising and putting over to a starving public any book that he deigns to write.

Anybody can write a book. Children have been known to do just that. But some people have a greater talent than others by the very nature of their being. Take for example the young mother with two children. She has explored the infinite insofar as she has participated with the Creator in the work of creation. She has been greater than the angels, more powerful than the saints in heaven. Once she has tasted such power never again can she be at rest. Hitler marched into Austria and made that unhappy country a part of greater Germany. Henceforth Hitler was on pins and needles until he could march into the rest of Europe. Alexander wept when he had reached all the military power that a man on earth can attain to. Power is like opium—the more one

has of it the more one wants. With the young mother the desire to extend the kingdom of her almost infinite power is even greater than were the desires of Hitler and Alexander. Indeed she has been commissioned to extend this power. This happened when she knelt before the altar and pronounced her marriage vows.

But suddenly she begins to hesitate. The world tells her that to create is to be a fool. Besides, she is afraid; she is poor; she already has two children; what will her neighbors say of her. But the aspiration to create is always with her, like a fire burning in her soul. And so she falls upon a substitute. She can still create and at the same time escape all responsibility except that which not only is gainful but which also is pleasant. She can write books. Is not book-writing the work of creation? Why did she not think of that before? She gathers together her pencils and begins to write.

Why should not such a person have a head-start on everybody else in writing a book that will make money? She can create without pangs or pain. She can bring forth books, hundreds of them, without spending a penny. She can follow her native and maternal bent without losing her figure and acquiring a single gray hair. And substitute-children will not disturb her sleep as they lie quietly on their shelves or deprive her of a new hat when she is disposed to buy one. It is an easy way out of a difficult situation. And it proves that anybody can write.

The last advice that we give to those who aspire to become rich through the writing of books is the best of all. Let them use all the means at their disposal to have their book accepted by one of the Book-A-Month clubs whose number is legion. If they can do that, then they can move into the Waldorf-Astoria without further delay. Their future and their fortune are made. Furthermore, the mere fact that a Book-A-Month club has selected the book is a pretty good sign that the movies will be after it in quick fashion too. And the movies would not think of offering anything under fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

Perhaps we should not have been so free with our information in this matter. Not everybody knows how easy it is to become rich. But we want our readers to know that they are in on all the secrets that we have. If they can find their way to easy street through our service, we say, may they be blessed. Our good luck goes with them.

The Soul of a Miser

Hetty Green was one of the most notorious characters produced in America by the love of money. She was called the "wizard of finance," "the witch of Wall Street," but she lived like a pauper, dressed like a beggar, and never gave a nickel away. Listed among her one hundred million dollar assets at one time were railroads, steamship companies, banks, several thousand holdings of valuable real estate, and 600 mortgages on churches.

Hetty herself tells the story of how at one time she held a mortgage for $27,000 on a Presbyterian church in Chicago. The church happened to burn down, and the pastor wrote to Mrs. Green telling her that unless she cancelled the mortgage and relieved his parish of its terrible burden she would surely lose her soul.

"I wrote right back," says Hetty, "that as he was in a threatening mood he had better climb right up on his cornerstone and pray for my soul because I was going to foreclose within sixty days; and I did."

anything but a smile and good promises, which indeed are cheap enough to give at any time.

And now young Thomas stood on the doorstep of the convent. He had. as we have said, hesitated before approaching this objective. It had been years since he had had anything to do with nuns in any shape or form, and he was somewhat at a loss as to what he would say. But the thought that there were some 30 or 40 prospective voters within the convent walls spurred him on. In these times, 30 or 40 votes were not to be passed over lightly. With these thoughts warming his resolution, Thomas heard footsteps within, the door opened about four inches, and he caught sight of a small, aged, and somewhat gnarled face framed in the white coif of a sister peering out at him.

"How do you do, Madam, I mean, Sister," said Thomas, whipping off his bowler hat. "I wonder if I might speak to the head of this institution on a matter of some importance?"

"Come in, come in," said the Sister Portress, nodding at him vigorously as she opened the door wider. "Just wait in the parlor here while I call Reverend Mother."

Thomas walked into the room pointed out by his guide, and she followed him.

"Are you a salesman?" she asked.

"Well, not exactly," said Thomas. "Not in the usually accepted sense of the term. And yet, in another sense, I am. I'm running for office, and I'm trying to sell myself." So saying, he opened his mouth to laugh heartily at his own joke, then closed it again as he saw that either Sister Portress did not get the point of his remark, or else was not amused at it. She fixed him with a penetrating look, wagged her lower jaw once or twice in the manner of very old people, and with another nod left him to his meditations.

Mr. Donegan, looking around the room, found the atmosphere, it must be confessed, rather repellant to his tastes. Although everything was in a state of terrific cleanliness, he found the room rather too bare to suit his native exuberance. Over the windows were heavy drapes, through which filtered only a few small rays of the bright spring sun. His eye was caught by one of the pictures on the wall, a huge painting which portayed a young man tied to a tree and manifesting considerable agony. The reason of his agony was plain to see: a number of arrows were imbedded in his body, which was naked from the waist up, and the artist had halted a few more arrows in midair, but which were plainly directed at some vital spot. A little card beneath the picture stated that the name of the young man was St. Sebastian. With an effort, Thomas wrenched his eyes from this helpless victim. There was a table in the center of the room covered with a rather depressing green cloth, and on it were a few books and pamphlets. Idly he picked one of them up. "Souvenir Booklet of our Golden Jubilee Celebration, August 10th, 1909," he read, and hastily placed the booklet back on the table again. He next selected one of the chairs and sat down in it, holding his bowler hat carefully between his hands. It was a chair with a very straight back, and amid his discomfort, Thomas felt a strange sensation creep over him. The voices of the street outside were stilled, and he felt as if he were transported to another world, a world which had once been dear to him . . .

When the Sister Portress left Mr. Donegan in the parlor, she proceeded at once to Reverend Mother with her

information. Perhaps it would be well to say a word about Reverend Mother at this point, so as to prepare the reader for what lies ahead.

When Mother St. Cloud was elected superior of the small but growing congregation of the Daughters of Divine Charity, she was so young that precedent was shattered, and a few of the older sisters shuddered for the stability of the institute. But Mother St. Cloud was one of those remarkable women such as are found more frequently in convents than in the world, and she quickly won all hearts by her holiness and charm. Reverend Mother was young in ideas as well as in age, and she felt herself much in sympathy with a request which had just been received from the bishop. In a letter sent to all the convents in the diocese, the bishop had urged the Sisters to look upon voting in the civil elections as a very real duty. The bishop had sent this letter because in the current election there were certain issues at stake which concerned the Catholic cause quite closely, and particularly one in which it was suggested by some pseudo-patriotic candidates that Catholic school children had no right to the free lunches at school which were made possible by government subsidy. It was considered highly desirable that the Catholics shake off their customary lethargy in voting and make a genuine effort to protect their civil rights. Mother St. Cloud had already touched on the matter in one of her conferences to the community, and had keyed the good sisters up to a sense of their civic responsibility. When the Sister Portress appeared before her with the information that a man wished to see her, and that he had stated that he was a "political candidate," (and the Sister Portress used the phrase, let it be said, with a certain tone of disapproval), Mother St. Cloud saw in the interview a good chance to put the bishop's recommendation into practice.

"Sister," she said to the Portress, "will you please ask the two Sister Consultors and Sister Procurator to go to the parlor. I will be there very shortly, and we will interview this gentleman together."

Sister Procurator was the first to enter the parlor; she came so silently that Mr. Donegan was taken completely by surprise. When he first caught sight of her, in fact, he was standing in the middle of the room with his arm outflung in a vigorous gesture, for he had been running over in his mind a speech he was to give that very night to the local union of the O'Malley Blow Pipe and Torch Company, and even when he was only thinking of a speech, he frequently and unconsciously accompanied his thought with suitable gestures. Somewhat embarassed, Mr. Donegan drew in his arm.

"Ah, Sister," he said, uncertain whether or not to offer his hand, and after a tentative movement, thinking better of it, "have I the pleasure of speaking to the Sister in charge?"

"No," was the reply. "I am Sister Melchior." And so saying Sister Melchior nodded to him with a fleeting smile, placed her hands in the wide sleeves of her habit, and, sitting down, fixed her eyes placidly on the opposite wall.

Mr. Donegan was not easily nonplussed, but this situation was beyond the range of his experience. He sat down, and then hastily stood up. He put his hands in his pockets, and then took them out. Fortunately, at this point the door opened and the two Sister Consultors entered, followed by Mother St. Cloud.

"You wished to see me?" said the latter, with a smile that warmed the heart of the embarassed Thomas as it had warmed the hearts of many before him. "I am Mother St. Cloud."

"Yes, Mother. My name is Donegan, Thomas Donegan, and I am here to ask your support in the coming election. I am running for Alderman of this district. I'm trying to sell myself," said Thomas, determined to get his little joke across. This time the response was gratifying. Mother St. Cloud and the other Sisters laughed, not enthusiastically, it is true, but nevertheless they laughed.

"That is very fine," said the Reverend Mother. "These Sisters are my advisers, and I thought it best that we talk to you together. Here is Sister Luciana, and this is Sister Agatha Marie. I suppose Sister Melchior has already introduced herself."

The Sisters bowed to him, and Thomas, gaining a little confidence, said gallantly, with a low bow of his own:

"I am most happy to meet you, Sisters."

"Now let us all be seated, and you can tell us why we should vote for you," went on Mother St. Cloud, with an encouraging smile.

"Well, Mother," said Mr. Donegan looking at his attentive audience, "I feel that my platform represents the best interests of the people of this ward. Perhaps you do not realize it," he went on, warming up to his work now that he was on familiar ground, "but for many long years there has been a sad record of graft and inefficiency on the part of our city government, and it is the aim of my party to sweep out these corrupt office-holders right up to and including the mayor himself."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Donegan. Let me see, who is the mayor at the present time?"

Thomas' mouth fell open in surprise, and he quickly shut it again. But before he could speak, Sister Melchior broke in.

"Oh, Reverend Mother, you know that. It is Mayor O'Callaghan. Don't you remember—his daughter was a pupil of ours at Marybrook. Isn't that right, Mr. Donegan?"

Thomas felt his senses reel. Mayor O'Callaghan had been in his grave for seven years.

"Well, not exactly, Sister," he said. "He *was* mayor, it is true, and a very fine one at that, but for some years now he has been—ah—absent from the political scene."

"Well, after all," said Mother St. Cloud, "the mayor's name isn't important right now. What we want to know, Mr. Donegan, is what you hold."

"What do I hold?" said Thomas, desperately gathering his thoughts. "I'm glad you asked that question. I hold that we should economize our municipal budget."

"That is a good thing," said Mother St. Cloud. "Still, you don't intend to cut down on what the city does towards helping the poor and the needy, do you?"

"Oh, no, by no means, certainly not," said Mr. Donegan, hastily. "We are firmly committed to a plan of facing our responsibilities in that regard."

"And what about the subsidies for lunches for the children in Catholic schools? Are you for or against that?"

Mr. Donegan was growing a little uncomfortable. He had planned to keep the conversation on political generalities.

"Subsidies for lunches. Hm. As to that, I think everything possible should be done—within reason, of course,—for our little ones."

"But you haven't answered my question," said Mother St. Cloud, patiently.

"Are you for or against it?"

Small beads of perspiration broke out on Mr. Donegan's brow.

"Oh, I'm for it, definitely," he cried, thus committing himself on a point he had never before come to grips with.

"Good," said Reverend Mother. "It is, after all, only a matter of our civil rights. Do you think Catholic children should be allowed to ride to school in the public school buses?"

The soul of Mr. Donegan twisted in agony as he felt four pairs of clear and guileless eyes fixed upon him.

"Well," he said, "I haven't really studied the matter as yet."

"It surely doesn't take much study to see what is involved in such a simple question," said Mother St. Cloud, gently. "It seems to me Catholics are only asking what is fair. I should think that as a candidate for office, you would have definite ideas on the subject."

Mr. Donegan squirmed in his chair, and ran his finger around under his collar.

"Are you opposed to the Communists?" asked Sister Agatha Marie, who up to this time had been silent. She was very small, was Sister Agatha, and reminded him of a little bird as she looked at him with bright, intelligent eyes.

"Why, yes, of course I am."

"Do you think it was right for the Communists to overrun the poor countries of Poland and Lithuania and the others?"

"Well, no, if you put it that way."

"Well, why don't you political leaders do something about it?"

"My dear Sister," said the harried Mr. Donegan, who felt that he had been driven beyond the limits of his endurance. "I am running for Alderman, not for President of the United States. Even if elected, I will have nothing to say about such an international question."

"Well, will you prosecute the Communists right in the city here if you are elected?" But to this last question Mr. Donegan replied not at all, but only held his bowler hat between his hands and stared grimly at the floor.

And now came the final blow of Mr. Donegan's hideous evening. Sister Luciana had taken no part at all in the conversation up to this point. She was a very old sister, small and wrinkled, and Thomas had been conscious of her close scrutiny all during his ordeal; in fact, this had added no little to his embarrassment. Now Sister Luciana spoke up.

"Are you the son of William Donegan, he that used to live on Throstle Street?" she asked.

"Yes," said Thomas.

"Your father was a fine man. I knew him well. A wonderful Catholic, too. Are you a good Catholic?"

This was the question that Thomas had subconsciously been dreading. He wondered now how he had ever hoped to get through the interview without having it put to him.

"Well—" he hesitated, and then decided to brazen it out, "Yes, I'm a Catholic."

But Sister Luciana had noticed his hesitation. "How long," she went on, relentlessly, "since you went to Holy Communion?"

"Oh, not too long."

"How many years?"

"About fifteen. You see, my work has kept me so busy. . . ." Mr. Donegan's voice trailed off, and even as he spoke, he perceived a subtle change of atmosphere in the room. Miserably he realized too late that the fact of his being a fallen away Catholic would weigh heavily against him in such a group as

Dramatic Moments in Great Lives (1)

Augustine's Break With Lust

Beginning a series of short articles that will describe the exact psychological moment in which great men won their greatest victories.

H. J. O'Connell

THE caressing warmth of the late Italian summer lay pleasantly on the little Milanese garden with its burdened vines and broad-leaved fig trees. Birds sang with drowsy content in the laurel; and the mingled scents of fruits and flowers perfumed the air. But the youth, prostrate on the ground in a torment of indecision, was all unconscious of the lovely scene around him. His soul was being torn within him by that age-old conflict between good and evil, between flesh and spirit, which is often more fierce and unrelenting than any clash of armies on the field. This was no struggle with passing temptation. On the outcome, as he himself said later, depended "despair or salvation, death or life."

Augustine of Hippo was still a young man, in his thirty-second year of age, on that September day in Milan; but the affairs of his soul had long been tending to a climax. Sixteen years before, while spending a period of enforced idleness at home, as the result of financial difficulties in the family, he had first felt the stirring of that rebellion of fleshly lust against the ideals of a noble nature which was to give him no peace until it was settled once for all. His awakening manhood, lured on by the example of evil companions, yielded itself to the delights of carnal passion.

Augustine's young heart cried out for love—to love and to be loved in return; and he found a crude counterpart of lawful love in an alliance with a certain young woman, joined to him, as he says, "not in marriage, but by the wandering heat of imprudent passion." He was at the time, it must be remembered, still unbaptized, the child of a pagan father, and living in surroundings where such liaisons were all too common. To his credit it may be said that he truly loved this woman, and remained faithful to her for many years. She followed him to Rome and then to Milan. When later on she left him, he describes in simple but pathetic words the grief that racked his soul: "My heart which had cleaved to her, being now torn away, was wounded and bled." Even after her departure, since evil habit had bound him so fast that the prospect of a continent life seemed impossible to him, his thoughts turned still on marriage. He paid suit to a girl of honorable family; but in the meantime, impatient of the two years delay before the girl would become eligible, he took to himself another woman, "not for love, but for lust." In all humility, he confesses how strong were the bonds of flesh that then bound him: "The enemy held my will, and of it he made a chain, with which he bound me. For from a perverse will proceeded lust, or strong desire; serving this lust begot custom; and custom not resisted became necessity; with which, as with certain links fastened together, I was kept close shackled by this cruel slavery."

However, through all these years his better self was not dead. The stings of conscience, the admonitions of his mother, and the fear of death and

judgment, which never entirely left him, all made him uneasy in his life of self-indulgence. His naturally great and noble mind could not lose itself completely in gross animal pleasures. At the age of nineteen, upon his first acquaintance with Philosophy from the works of Cicero, the love of immortal wisdom awakened in his breast. He hungered for truth, though he knew not as yet that the Truth is God. For a time, in his eager search for wisdom, he embraced the heretical doctrines of the Manicheans. Discovering the falsity of these teachings, he later inclined to the Scepticism of the Academies. Gradually, however, aided chiefly by the preaching of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, his keen mind pierced the fog of doubt and error, and he returned to the Catholic Church.

Still, though faith had reawakened in his heart, he could not break the bonds of evil habits. "The new will," he says, "which I began to have to serve Thee freely, and to enjoy Thee, O God, the only sure delight, was not yet strong enough to overcome the former, which had been strengthened by long continuance; so these two wills of mine, the one old, the other new, the one carnal, the other spiritual, were in conflict with one another, and by their jars rent and divided my soul."

During all this period of error and shameful passion, Augustine's saintly mother, Monica, had never despaired of his conversion. By night and by day, with the tears ever wet upon her cheeks, she begged God to bring back to faith and virtue her brilliant, wayward son. From his youth she had warned him against evil habits; but these warnings fell upon deaf ears. They seemed to him "only the admonitions of a woman, which I would be ashamed to obey." When she saw him shackled by those cruel bonds of lust, her faithful heart was broken, and she wept "much more than mothers weep for the corporal death of their children." Through the years of his wanderings, still she hoped and prayed, strengthened by the prediction of a holy man: "It cannot be that a child of such tears should perish." God, indeed, could not despise and reject those tears, with which she begged of him, not any temporal thing, but the salvation of her son. To what extent the conversion of Augustine was the result of his mother's prayers, only God can tell; but it is very likely that without St. Monica there would never have been a St. Augustine in the Church.

Other influences, too, were at work upon him for good. The conversion of Victorinus, likewise a philosopher and teacher of rhetoric, who sacrificed the highest honors in order to make profession of his faith in Christ, deeply moved him, and awakened a strong desire to turn from his shameful ways. However, it was a chance conversation with Pontianus, a devout Christian, which brought the conflict in his soul to a decisive issue. This fellow countryman, on a visit to the house where Augustine lived with his mother and friends, began to tell enthusiastically of the virtues of St. Anthony of Egypt, who gave up all worldly wealth and prospects to follow Christ in poverty and penance. Finding his audience attentive, Pontianus went on to describe the holy life led in the monasteries, one of which was in that very city of Milan. He ended with an account of the dramatic conversion of two members of the Emperor's court, who, after reading the life of St. Anthony, immediately resolved to leave the world and give themselves to God.

This conversation struck Augustine

like a lightning bolt from Heaven. The contrast with his own weakness and indecision flashed before him, and inspired a profound disgust with himself. "Thus," he says, "was I inwardly corroded and extremely confounded with horrible shame, all the while Pontianus was relating these things." To Alypius, his friend and confidant of all his soul's struggles, he cried out: "What is this thou hast been hearing? The unlearned arise and take Heaven by force, and we with all our learning, cowardly and heartless, wallow in flesh and blood!"

The tumult in his heart drove him out of the house into the garden. There he fought the bitter battle to its end. All the delights of pleasure that he had known tugged at his heart, whispering to him: "Wilt thou, then, forsake us? Shall we be with you no more?" On the other hand, the chaste vision of Purity rose before his eyes and gently beckoned him to come to her. Throwing himself down beneath a fig tree, he gave free vent to his tears, crying out in agony: "How long, how long? Tomorrow and tomorrow! Why not now? Why not this very hour to end my filthiness?"

As he lay on the ground weeping, suddenly he heard a voice, as of a child, repeating: "Tolle lege!" "Take up and read!" Interpreting this as a divine admonition, he opened the book of the Epistles of St. Paul, which he had carried into the garden, and read the first passage on which his eyes rested. The striking words of St. Paul pierced to the very marrow of his spirit:

> *"Not in revelings and drunkenness, not in debauchery and wantonness, not in strife and jealousy. But put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and, as for the flesh, take no thought for its lusts."* (Romans, c. 13, v. 13, 14)

The conflict was ended. Grace had won an unreserved victory. Serenely, he closed the book and went to tell his mother, whose tears were turned into purest joy. Augustine the sinner had become Augustine the saint, mightiest champion of the Church of God, whose wisdom and holiness have shone brightly down the ages.

Hearth Fire Prayer

Frawley Hynes, columnist in *Columbia*, recalls this beautiful little prayer chanted in Irish homes by the womenfolk while the men cover the fire in the hearth for the night:

The sacred Three
To save,
To shield,
To surround
The hearth,
The house,
The household,
This eve,
This night,
O this eve,
This night
And every night,
Each single night.
Amen.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: We are heartbroken over the disgrace that one of our children has brought upon the family. We have six children, and all are just what we had hoped they would be except this one. He is now twenty-two years old. He has given up his religious practices, and has become involved in all kinds of scrapes, but especially drunkenness and stealing. Nothing we say seems to affect him, nor to make him want to do better. Can you suggest anything we haven't tried?

Solution: There are few sorrows greater than that of good parents over a wayward son or daughter. This cross is sometimes permitted them even when they have fulfilled all their parental tasks to the very best of their ability. Nevertheless there are a few thoughts that can be offered to such as these that will make the cross a bit lighter.

The first thought is that the natural feeling of disgrace in the eyes of their relatives and friends should not become an obsession, nor even the chief cause of their sorrow. It would be a sign of sheer worldliness and social ambition to go about acting crushed and humiliated just because the disgrace of a wayward child injured human respect and pride. No parent can be expected not to feel badly, for social reasons, over the evil conduct of a son; but that very feeling of humiliation should be borne as a special cross that can be more effective even than prayer in gaining the graces needed by the wayward son for his amendment.

It should also be kept in mind that the first aim and purpose of parents should be to get their children into heaven. So long as life remains in a son who has given up his religion and fallen into evil ways, this aim can still be hoped for, worked for, prayed for. No amount of sinfulness should stop parents from praying every day of their lives for a child who has disgraced them in the eyes of the world. There is an extraordinary power in the prayers of good parents that over and over again has resulted in miraculous conversions and reforms.

Lastly, parents of straying sons should exert themselves to think of new methods of appealing ot them. They should realize that constant nagging and whining at a grown son usually accomplishes nothing except to harden him more and more against what is good. They should continually try to be more perfect in every virtue themselves, that their very lives will be a constant lesson and inspiration. And their unselfish charity should move them to make suggestions, to give warnings, etc., only when they have the confidence of the grown son and can foresee a probable good result. The important thing is to adjust all means to the sole aim of effecting conversion and reform.

Uncle Sam Supports Charity

One of the proofs of American democracy, which every American should promote and extend.

D. F. Miller

THE deadline for income tax payments is always a dreaded hour for Americans. For weeks before, they read treatises on "How to Estimate Your Income Tax", they consult lawyers, and pay them good fees, for advice that will keep them from breaking the law and being subject to fine, and, at the same time, from paying any more than they have to into the treasury of Uncle Sam; they read, hear and repeat innumerable jokes whose main theme is the sharp pain connected with the act of parting with a percentage of their income for the benefits of law, order and government.

Nevertheless, there are many Americans who do not realize that the necessary laws of income tax have imbedded in their very structure one of the strongest proofs of the genuineness of American democracy. It lies in the fact that those laws grant extraordinary exemptions and even premiums to those who use their excess income for works of private charity and social welfare. A democratic form of government, if genuine, assumes that the State is the servant of the people; that its functions are limited to providing for its citizens those things that they cannot rightly provide for themselves; that it is better to have citizens helping one another as private, individual, human beings, than for the State to take their money by force of law and then to dole out charity and service in a political and impersonal way. All this democratic doctrine is given expression in the income tax laws that permit substantial reductions to those who give generously to individuals and institutions that are serving the public welfare in some way and that are dependent on charity.

The amount of the reductions granted on this score are more than many income tax payers have any idea of. They are granted not only to the rich, but to anybody who is obliged to pay a tax, although the rich do benefit more because the amount of their donations to charity can be so much larger. In general, the law states that contributions to charity are deductible, up to 15 percent of a person's adjusted gross income, which means his total income including any capital gains, minus only his traveling and rental costs for business purposes. In simpler figures, this breaks down to a schedule something like this: If a man has a net income of $90,000 for the year, each dollar he gives to charity, up to 15 percent of his adjusted gross income, actually costs him only 20 cents because of what he saves on his income tax. In the same manner, a man whose net income is $50,000, is actually giving away only 32 cents for every dollar he gives to charity because the other 68 cents would have to be paid out in income tax had he donated nothing; a man whose net income is $20,000, gives only 50 cents on the dollar when he contributes to charity; so on down to the lowest incomes, in which for example, a person whose net income is only $2,000 a year, actually gives but 81 cents away out of each dollar he donates to charity.

There can be no question that there

are many of the higher income people in the United States who do not use the full, nor even the major part, of their possible deductions for charitable causes. The reasons for this vary. Some would rather pay their money in the form of income tax to the government than give even a part of it to any charitable cause. Their philosophy is undemocratic. They feel that it is better for the government to take their money and then spread it around through bureaus and agencies and federal officials for the relief of human misery and the providing of social services, than for these activities to be taken care of by individuals or private institutoins. They do not realize what the U. S. Government itself realizes, that the more the State has to concern itself with the relief of misery, the care of the afflicted, even the direction of education, the faster does it tend toward the totalitarian forms that are so contrary to the democratic and American principle. "They govern best who govern least" is a democratic principle; from which it follows that every possible encouragement and help should be given to private agencies and institutions that are doing valuable work for their fellow human beings.

Others fail to utilize the deductions they are encouraged to make from their income tax simply because they are so disinclined to give anything away that even the 20 cents on the dollar or the 50 cents on the dollar that they would actually be giving by donations to charity are too much of a hardship to be endured. The only thing that could ever induce such people to part with their money is the force of law and the fear of fines and imprisonment. It is good that there is an income tax law for such persons.

Another reason why some do not give all that they might, with little sacrifice, give to charity, is that they have gathered the impression that private charitable, religious, educational and social service institutions are a kind of racket, possessing far more money than they need and yet always holding their hand out for more. This impression is probably gathered from the innumerable appeals that are made to them, coupled with the fact that every now and then they read in the paper of huge bequests and donations given to the same institutions that make the appeals. However, there is far less danger of mismanagement of funds, feather-bedding and racketeering in most privately run welfare institutions than there is in the public management of funds for the same purposes, first because federal agencies and officials have little direct contact with the actual work for which they would dispense the money, and secondly, because under government management, the money would have to pass through so many hands before reaching the final outlet.

The last reason why people fail to do for private agencies of charity and welfare all that they could do at little sacrifice is simply ignorance. Ignorance of the law that encourages them to do so, and ignorance of the opportunities for doing so that are all around them. Only one who is engaged in some kind of work for others under private auspices can realize how much that could be done is not being done only because of lack of funds. How many private hospitals need new equipment, more personnel, and more rooms and beds to take care of all the applications made to them. How many orphan asylums are limited in their capacity and in their ability to provide nice things for children only by shortages of money! How many organizations that are working for

the relief of the poor, for the rescue of delinquents, for the care of the old, for the spread of religion, and for a dozen other noble purposes, have plans for multiplying the good they are doing, but which remain only dreams until someone provides the means to carry them out.

When it is remembered that many of those who are engaged in work of these kinds are without any personal ambition or desire for money, that many are even bound by vows to live on a certain low scale of comfort throughout life, that they take from what is given for their charitable work practically nothing for themselves, it seems strange that there should be anyone who would think it better to let the civil authority try to administer whatever charity is needed in the country rather than that those who have made charity their life work and sole happiness should be given the means to enlarge their efforts so that the government need not bother itself about such things at all. There will always be plenty for the government to do, that cannot be done by its citizens; it will be a sad day when private works of charity disappear in favor of government institutions and doles.

Thus it is to the interest of all who have money—and the more money the greater should be the interest—to accept the encouragement and urging that the very law of the land lends to giving to charity. This is democracy: that the people of a nation want to do and try to do for themselves and for their neighbors as much as they can, leaving to government only those things that cannot be done by the people whom it serves.

Poetry In Names

It is, of course, a commonplace that our national traditions contain a rich inheritance from the Indians. In this inheritance must be counted the beautiful and poetic names which they gave to many of our states, lakes and rivers. Here are a few such names out of many that might ge given, with their corresponding meaning in English:

Ohio—beautiful
Ontario—village on a mountain
Idaho—the gem of the mountains
Cayuga—long lake
Alabama—here we rest
Mohawk—eaters of live food
Tennessee—river of the big bend
Niagara—neck of water
Wisconsin—rushing channel
Saratoga—place of miraculous waters in a rock
Rappahannock—river of rising waters
Mississippi—father of waters
Missouri—muddy waters
Manhattan—town on the island
Merrimac—swift water
Acadia—where we dwell
Massachusetts—around the great hills
Connecticut—land on the long river
Onondaga—place of the hills
Kentucky—dark and bloody ground
Toronto—place of meeting
Minnehaha—laughing waters



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On the Comforter of the Afflicted

It has often been said, by those who have experienced both, that pain and suffering of body are not to be compared with anguish of mind and agony of the heart. Just as mind and will are, in nature and power, far superior to the body and its faculties and organs, so pain that afflicts the former is usually far more acute and sharp than any suffering of the body. Ask any mother about this, and she will tell you that the worst physical pains of childbirth are easy to bear compared with the sorrow of losing a growing son or daughter or of seeing them go astray.

Out of this truth there arises a compelling reason for every shut-in to cultivate a special devotion to the Mother of Sorrows, the Mother of the crucified Christ. She was not asked to bear great physical pain; but she was given the far sharper anguish of not only living through but beholding her cherished Son's shameful treatment and cruel death at the hands of evil and sinful men. This experience was so indubitably the keenest and most racking pain that a mere human being was ever asked to bear that by it Mary rightly became the Mother of all Sorrows—the one to whom any sufferer could turn with the realization that the greater the sorrows of another, the greater the comfort that one would be able to give.

So it is that the shut-in for any cause, has a special right to the patronage and intercession of the Mother of the Crucified. During Lent, when the Crucified is before the eyes of all men, His Mother should be beside Him in the eyes of all shut-ins. There she should remind them how sweetly suffering can be borne by her own example of courage; how fruitful suffering can be by the example of her own miraculous power at ten thousand shrines scattered over the face of the earth; and how completely suffering will be forgotten in the rapturous moment of a resurrection. In hope of all these graces, the shut-in should say frequently: Mother of Sorrows, pray for me in my sorrow.

Portrait of Christ

Not the Same to All

The differences in the manner in which Christ treated both His friends and His enemies are one of the great proofs of the genuineness of His human nature.

R. J. Miller

THE likes and dislikes of the Human Being, Christ, were strange and mysterious to His contemporaries. He did not like the kind of people many of them expected Him to like, and He showed His preferences with a marked distinctness of attitude, or a marked degree and variation of affection for every individual.

"He did not like the kind of people many of them expected Him to like." The Jewish race was founded on and owed its existence to the promise of a Redeemer. At the time of Christ, the expectation of the fulfillment of that promise was particularly keen. "Art thou he that is to come?" the Pharisees asked St. John the Baptist, as though the coming of the Messias might be expected at any moment. And when Our Lord began His preaching and His miracles, and the people began to say, "never did man speak like this man," and "this is of a truth the prophet that is to come into the world," surely the Pharisees and the other leaders of the people must have entertained the idea that this young prophet from Galilee might be the promised Messias. In fact, they asked Him, point blank: "How long dost Thou keep our souls in suspense? If Thou be the Christ, tell us openly!"

Now the Pharisees were the "best people" in their race. Educated, distinguished, respectable, wealthy, learned in the Law, looked up to and feared and followed by the ordinary people, surely they expected, along with their watching for the coming Messias, that when He did come it would be to them that He would reveal Himself and themselves He would choose as His special friends. He would seek them out (they must have thought), consult them, perhaps even defer to their experience and their position in Jewish society.

And yet how differently things turned out. We can imagine some of them saying among themselves: "He has the strangest people for His friends! Fishermen, publicans, grafters, professional tramps and panhandlers, the sick, the halt, the blind and the lame, beggars, foreigners, Roman soldiers, small children, the disreputable, the ignorant, the poor, and the unwashed rabble in general."

Yes, it must have been a stumbling block and a scandal indeed for the proud and self-sufficient Pharisees to see themselves snubbed in favor of what they must have regarded as the very dregs of the population—what they called "the accursed rabble." And still greater must have been the blow to their pride when Our Lord defied them to their faces, and told them that "the publicans and harlots will go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you!" No wonder they sought to lay violent hands upon Him, and even plotted his death! No wonder that is, if we consider the ordinary reactions of proud and fallen human nature; and what a light it throws on the exacting demands of Our Lord for supernatural humility in His followers and friends.

But while Our Lord preferred the poor and the outcast in general for His friends, He was far from treating even His friends all in the same manner. Rather, He treated each one differently. The record is written plainly in the Gospels, if we read them with a little care.

Who were His human friends and loved ones? His holy Mother, of course, in the first place; then, St. Joseph, St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, St. John the Apostle, St. Philip, St. Matthew, Mary and Martha and Lazarus, even the rich young man and Zacheus the publican, and Mary Magdalen.

He loved His holy mother, the holy writers tell us, more than all the rest of humanity and even all the angels in heaven together. And yet the strange, mysterious thing is that on every occasion recorded in the Gospel when He spoke to her or even about her, it was in phrases that seem at first sight to have been inconsiderate and harsh. In fact, some of the early Protestants actually took these phrases as a justification for their own lack of regard for the Mother of God.

After the three days' loss in the temple, for instance, when His Mother asked Him: "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing," He replied with what seems an abrupt reproof: "How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know I must be about My Father's business?" And when at Cana of Galilee she suggested that He relieve the embarrassment of the young couple, saying, "They have no wine," He replied: "Woman, what is that to Me and to Thee? My hour is not yet come." When the woman cried out in the crowd: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the breasts that nursed Thee!" He said: "Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." And even on the cross, when He does seem to have given her a kindly thought at His last moment, His language is still formal and solemn; He does not say "Mother," but "Woman, behold thy son."

We shall not at this time go into the depths of meaning contained in each of these phrases of Christ. Suffice it to say, that when carefully examined in the setting of the infinite love and respect of the God Man for His Immaculate Mother, and in their own deeper meaning, they all redound to the honor of both Mother and Son. The one observation one may make in general, however, is this: there was a depth and solidity to the bond which united the hearts of Jesus and Mary that needed no mere words of tender affection to forge it closer. Christ in His mission as the Messias knew He need have no fear that His mother would misunderstand if the words he spoke to her or about her for our instruction seemed at first sight to our dull perceptions less than what was due from the best of sons to the perfect mother. For our sake, she would welcome the role of being only secondary in His life; if she could help in any way to bring us closer to Him, she would welcome the opportunity and love Him and us only the more.

So let it stand, even though shrouded in a mystery of divine love, that Mary, His Mother, was His nearest and dearest lover. The fact at least remains that in the records of His life He treated her in a manner strangely different from that in which he treated other friends and lovers.

It is certainly different from the way He treated St. John the Baptist. In his case, Our Lord never missed an opportunity to sing his praises. "He was a burning and shining light;" "he

is Elias come again;" "there has not risen among them born of woman a greater than John the Baptist." Even in the one recorded instance of conversation between Christ and His great Precursor, there is a kind of deference or respect in Our Lord's words, as if He looked upon St. John as a fellow leader in the great work of redemption, one initiated into its secrets, to whom little need be said in order to give an understanding of all. St. John at first had objected to baptizing Our Lord: "I ought to be baptized by Thee," he said in humble expostulation, "and comest Thou to me?" "Never mind," Our Lord's reply seemed to say, "it is in things like this that we are to carry out every least point imposed upon us." There is a tone of fellowship here in the high design of Christ's redemptive work that we do not find Him using with anyone else.

As to St. Joseph, the gospels tell us that Christ was subject to him and Mary, and judging by Mary's words at the finding in the temple, "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing," we can gather that Our Lord called St. Joseph "father." Therefore, even though we lack precise details as to the relationship between them in their daily lives, it surely was one that stood by itself.

It is not surprising to most of us, however, that Our Lord manifested specific attitudes toward His Mother, St. Joseph, and St. John the Baptist. These three were bound to Him by the most unusual ties. With the rest of mankind, we might be inclined to think that he would be pretty much the same to all, until we explore the matter and find that actually His attitude was characteristically different in respect to all the various types of human beings with whom he came into contact.

Toward St. Peter he was man to man. "What do you think, Simon?" He asked, as one man might ask another for an opinion on some current problem. "Do the kings of the earth collect taxes from their own children, or from strangers?" "From strangers," replied Peter, no doubt himself taken aback by this strange distinction of being asked for an opinion by the Master Himself. "Then the children are free," said Our Lord. (The tax collectors had asked Peter if his Master intended to pay His tax like the other Jews.) "But we must not scandalize them. So go to the lake, throw in your line, and take the first fish you catch. Open its mouth, and you will find in it a piece of money. Take it, and give it to them for Me and for yourself."

Distinction indeed! The tax collectors recognized how close St. Peter stood to Our Lord, to have asked him about Our Lord's intention in the first place; and Our Lord confirmed it by drawing upon His miraculous powers to pay with one single coin for Himself and Peter.

Yes, Peter was always first in Our Lord's dealings with men in His public life. His name is always at the head of the list when the Apostles are mentioned, even though the others occupy various places in every listing. He is the one who speaks for the rest, he is the one who is told to "confirm his brethren," he is the one whose name is changed by the Master to "the Rock," he is the one on whom the Church of Christ was to be built.

And yet Peter was not the first of the twelve to follow Jesus, for that was Philip; nor was he the last to be faithful to Him, for that was John. Peter, indeed, was privileged to be present at both the Transfiguration on Mount Thabor and the Agony in Gethsemani; yet Peter fell asleep on both these

sublime occasions, and Peter denied his Lord.

Yet Peter stood in Christ's regard and Christ's choice as the head of the twelve. "Do you love Me, Simon?" Christ asked him three times after His resurrection. "Do you love Me more than these others do?" "Yes, Lord, you know I love you," Peter replied; and how strange to reflect that despite St. John's constant reference to himself as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," still it is St. John himself who gives us this evidence that the disciple whom Jesus loved was not the disciple who loved Jesus most!

Towards St. John Our Lord's attitude has become famous in Christan art and devotion as one of special love; it was St. John whom we see pictured so often with his head resting on the breast of Jesus at the Last Supper. Yet Our Lord did not look upon him altogether as a pure and gentle youth. "Sons of thunder," "the thundering ones," was what He Himself called St. John and his brother James.

St. Philip, it seems, was the gentle, simple soul among the twelve. He is the one to whom Our Lord said, before the multiplication of the loaves and the fishes: "Where can we buy bread for them to eat?" There were five thousand persons gathered around them, and St. Philip may well have been filled with simple consternation as he replied: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may have a little." Yet Our Lord's attitude to St. Philip is plainly evident in the little side remark St. John makes in relating the incident. When Jesus asked Philip this "embarrassing question," "this He said to try him, for He Himself knew what He would do." It permits us to see Our Lord having His gentle jest at the simple Philip's expense—actually teasing His simple disciple.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister Mary and Lazarus." We have been speaking of persons who enjoyed the distinction of being human friends of the Human Christ. In the case of most of them, we have had to gather the fact of their being thus distinguished from incidents recorded in the Gospels. Martha and Mary and Lazarus, however, enjoy the particular distinction of being identified, as it were, in St. John's Gospel by the very fact of their friendship with Christ. And yet even in their case Our Lord did not love the three of them indiscriminately, so to speak. St. John puts Martha first, as though he had reason to believe that Our Lord showed her special preference; and yet, in the well-known instance when Martha asked Him to "speak to" her sister about helping her set the table or do whatever other household task she was occupied with while Mary simply sat listening to Our Lord talk, He seems to have given the preference to Mary. "Mary hath chosen the better part," He told the solicitous Martha, "and it shall not be taken away from her."

As for Lazarus, we do not have a single word he uttered in his strange and wonderful double life, either before or after he was raised from the dead. All we know about him from the Gospel is that "Jesus loved him and raised him from the dead."

Thus if we were to go on and examine all the relationships of Christ with other human beings, we would find something unique about each one, all of them accentuating the humanness of His own great heart.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

The business managers of The Liguorian have asked the bystander to take a sideglance at the file of correspondence they have had from readers of The Liguorian over the past few months and to give *his* readers (how few or how many they are he couldn't guess) an idea of what other readers of other parts of The Liguorian have to say about it. Acting on the principle that the readers of The Liguorian are a scattered but friendly circle of lovers of good reading, and that they take pride in their editors, in one another, and in the monthly bit of journalism that holds them together, the bystander herewith presents a melange of comments and remarks to be found in the filed correspondence. The choice is made strictly at random, and if most of the random quotations are favorable, it is not because unfavorable comments have been thrown away, but just because they are so egregiously in the minority.

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Comments of a general nature are the most common, such as the following: From New York: "As I have explained in previous correspondence, I am a most enthusiastic reader of your remarkable magazine. I have shown it to some of my friends who have since become subscribers. Would that their number were greater." From Texas: "I'm working here at Camp Hood, but live in San Antonio at the above address. My wife slipped a copy of The Liguorian in my grip and I certainly have enjoyed lonely evenings with your publication. Please start sending it to me regularly." From Washington, D. C.: "I am enclosing required sum for renewal of the biggest monthly reading bargain coming off the presses of America. The Sideglances of September contain much pertinent data upon which to ponder." (The Bystander couldn't leave that one out.) From Maryland: "I do not believe that the South is familiar with your splendid magazine, which I consider the best Catholic magazine ever." (Note: the business manager informs us that every state in the union is represented in the subscription files, some, however, with vast fields for expansion.) From New York: "I have seen your magazine for the first time today. I think it is splendid. I like its various departments and its style. Please enter a subscription for myself and a gift subscription for my sister." Again from New York: "May I take this opportunity to congratulate you for a wonderful magazine. It has a personality all its own, endearing itself to all who read it, and the enclosed gift subscriptions will prove that fact. These girls casually picked up a copy while visiting my home, and, although in your 'Primer on Love' you don't believe in love at first sight, in this case it was definitely love at first sight."

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From Chicago: "I have just received the September issue of The Liguorian and I am returning it and asking if you will kindly send me a complete copy inasmuch as some of the pages are missing from the beginning and at the end of the book. (*Memo to the binders*: For heaven's sake, watch your work!) Please understand this is not in criticism but only because I wouldn't miss reading any of the articles as I find them very interesting. Since our household consists of 'bobby-soxers' to 'middle-aged folks,' we receive a number of different magazines, but you may be interested in knowing that The Liguorian is our favorite." From a physician's office in Maryland: "This is not a letter of congratulation on your splendid magazine because my limited knowledge of journalism does not allow it. But, after reading the magazines as they arrive, I place them on my waiting room table, and it is not difficult to tell the calibre of mentality of those who sit with their bubble-gum, slap-happy brain attitudes reading the pictures of some movie magazine, as contrasted with those who sit and read the ever-enlightening, ever-interesting, square-shooting, modern but transcendantly ancient magazine called The Liguorian. Water seems

to seek its own level and your magazine is really tops!" From Brooklyn: "I would like to mention that of all Catholic magazines I have never enjoyed reading one as much as yours. The information, current events, book department, etc., make it really a magazine for lovers of good reading. I have never been one to subscribe much to Catholic magazines, but I really enjoy this one and pass it on to others who seem to enjoy it as much as I do." (*Note*: The editor wants this one framed, because his first aim has been to reach those "Who haven't been much interested in Catholic magazines.")



Some letters deal with special topics or writers in The Liguorian. From the Philippine Islands: "Kindly inform L. G. Miller that he is making a real 'hit' among his Filipino readers. The Open Letter to Carole Landis was a splendid job, and won general acclamation, while 'Uncle Ed's Attic,' 'Caddying for Mr. Argyle,' 'Filipino Profile,' etc., furnished genuine and wholesome enjoyment. And I do not mean either that the articles do not impress, for, as one of my former students expressed it: 'When I get The Liguorian, I simply read every single word printed in it, and when I have finished reading the last page, I turn to the first again.' An army officer here passes the copy among the officers of his unit, at the risk of his wife's displeasure, who insists on having all the copies on her shelf in complete and impeccable sequence for purposes other than mere neatness and order." From Washington, D. C.: "Your first in a series of studies of Christ (December issue) is very interesting, Your Christmas letter to an indifferent Catholic brings many vital points of interest to the Catholic who should and could lead a more Christian life. That letter is really addressed to us all." From Orangeburg, N. Y.: "Some time ago in your column 'For Wives and Husbands Only,' you had an article on a husband spending too much time in his work and outside activities. I have given that issue away and now I would like to refer my husband to that article. Please send me another copy." From Maryland: "Congratulations on your article under 'For Wives and Husbands Only' on their getting angry with one another. My husband and I both read the 'article in a popular magazine' to which you referred and which advocated that husbands and wives 'let off steam and give full expression to their anger to each other from time to time.' We discussed that article at the time between ourselves and with some of our friends, and reached the exact conclusions drawn in your comment."



From a shut-in, also a convert, in California, comes this interesting discussion of attitudes toward non-Catholics: "I do not approve of calamity-howling or pointing the finger at errant non-Catholics, except in the way you do it. I'll tell you why. I myself was an errant non-Catholic for a good many years, and one who had memorized the Sermon on the Mount, the 13th chapter of First Corinthians and a lot more of the bible as a result of my Protestant training. I could quote chapter and verse of the bible as well as any of our ministers. Now most Catholics would find little excuse for my totally disregarding the teachings of Christ about the church when I knew them so well—but what, exactly, did I know? I'll tell you. I knew nothing, and why? Because it was like reciting so much Greek. I had a strange language and no Rosetta stone to decipher it for me. I had eyes and couldn't see, a tongue and couldn't speak (except like a parrot), ears and couldn't hear, and a mind that couldn't understand, and a heart like a stone. I knew, and yet I didn't know anything because there was no translation. You know of course what the Rosetta stone of the bible is—it's Catholic teaching. As soon as I began taking instruction in the Catholic faith, the scales fell away and the many bible excerpts I had memorized became clear—they had a meaning; purpose and life came to them. My conversion to Catholicism didn't come about by a Catholic writer calamity-howling or pointing the finger of scorn at me—this would have meant less than nothing to me except to prejudice me further against the truth. And neither did it come about because I knew any Catholics who set such a wonderful example, because I didn't know any. It was the grace of God . . . Of course Carole Landis is a Catholic, and she deserves all she got from you because she knows better. I think the careless, lax Catholic is the one who should have the finger pointed at him and not the non-Catholic who, in spite of his erudition and other seeming gifts, knows little better than the mule of the Psalms. If I'm wrong, please correct me."



Catholic Anecdotes

Too Much Wine

The story is told of Pope Pius XII that when he was still a young Monsignor, he was enjoying a short vacation in the country when a summons came for him to return to Rome immediately.

The Pacelli family coachman was not on hand to drive him, and as he was unwilling to delay, he harnessed the horse himself and set out for the railroad station.

Suddenly the horse turned off the main highway, and, despite the Monsignor's best efforts, proceeded down a side road and pulled up expectantly before a wine shop. No amount of coaxing would make him move.

In his perplexity, the Monsignor asked the loafers in front of the shop what he should do. They replied amid laughter that the horse was waiting for the pint of wine the coachman always gave him when he visited the wine shop. Thereupon the Monsignor cried:

"Bring the horse two pints of wine. I wish him to feel his best and travel his fastest."

But he soon learned that this was a strategical error. The horse drank the two pints of wine, started off at a furious gallop, but soon began to slow up, and eventually stopped altogether and lay down to sleep it off.

Monsignor Pacelli had to continue his journey on foot, and as a result, missed his train and was late for his appointment with the Pope.

For a long time afterwards, it is said, his friends chaffed him about his ignorance of horses and wine.

Light and Love

It is told of a certain rich old merchant that towards the end of his life he called together three nephews who would be his heirs and said to them:

"One of you is destined to be my successor in the business which I have so carefully built up. In order to determine which one of you will be chosen, I am going to give each of you a coin. Go and buy something that will fill this large room. Do not spend more than the coin, and return to me tomorrow night."

The three young men set about their task, and on the following night returned to their uncle's house.

The first had purchased a bale of hay. When he cut the ropes binding the bale together, the hay, released from pressure, almost filled the room.

The second young man had purchased two bags of thistledown, and when he emptied them, the thistledown expanded and came even closer to the goal.

But the third young man stood silently by; he had nothing but a small object in his hand, and when the merchant questioned him, he replied:

"I gave half my coin to a poor child; some of the remainder went into the poor box of a church, and with what was left, I brought this candle and a flint." So saying, he struck the flint, lit the candle, and behold! the room was filled with light.

"Well done, nephew," said the uncle. "You have spent your money wisely, and you will be my successor."



Pointed Paragraphs

Listen, Stranger!

Pause a minute, stranger, and listen.

Pause in the busy, preoccupied, time-out-for-nothing way in which you have been pursuing a career, or making money, or trying to get ahead, or keeping up a home, and ask yourself: Has Lent meant anything to me thus far? Have I heard the word on Sundays and forgotten it during the week? Have I failed to let it take my mind off my work, my money, my body, my home, my eating and drinking, and fix it on my soul and its needs? . . . . . You have a soul, stranger, and it will need everything that Lent can do for it some day.

Pause, stranger, in the worried, anxious, feverish tenseness with which you have been carrying on your business, buying and selling, turning over your money, providing for your home, safeguarding your family and your future. Lent is designed to make you relax physically and mentally, and to advance spiritually but quietly. Spend a few evenings relaxing physically in church, alert for a word or an inspiration that will set you thinking about eternal things and allay some of those foolish worries about temporal things. Church is for you, stranger; it will accustom you to the presence of the Divinity before whose face you will stand alone and trembling some day.

Pause, stranger, in the madness, the futility, the emptiness, the disappointment of trying to squeeze every pleasure and enjoyment out of the world. Pleasures are rewards of toil or responsibility or devotion to duty. They lose their taste if you seek them for themselves, and they turn into lashes that scourge you if you sell your soul for them. Pause in your drunkenness, adulteries, hatreds, schemings against others, ambitions. Pause and think of Him who died to ransom you and strengthen you against your own desires, and Who then said: No drunkard nor liar nor adulterer nor cheater shall enter heaven.

Pause, stranger, and do something about your soul. Shrive it with good confession, nourish it with the thought of God and the Body of God, brace it with penance and self-denial—and Lent will bring you peace now and promise of rapture in the future.

Remembrances of War

If you have anything to say in your local community when the question of erecting a war memorial arises, throw your weight against setting up on Main St. or in the center of your most beautiful park a shaft of stone, or a carved general on a charger, or a useless and impractical building with pious sentiments inscribed on the outside and nothing but souvenirs of war inside. The country already has too many of these expensive reminders of past wars, which, no matter how just their causes and how high-minded their principles and how glorious their victories, meant nothing but sorrow, pain and death to so many innocent human beings.

Wars should make us ashamed of

the humanity of which we are a part, even though we are quite convinced that in all our wars it was human beings on the other side who were guilty of all the inhuman conduct (if such a conviction is possible). We should want to forget the inhumanity that is synonymous with war, and all the symbols and tools of that inhumanity. We should start building, at the end of a war, not for the next one, but for eternal peace. We do not accomplish this by setting up cannon on our park lawns, nor by glorifying the grim necessity of killing other human beings in batches of several thousand and calling that "victory."

There is a movement afoot for setting up only living memorials of the late terrible war. It should be backed by every conscientious American. It means collecting as much money as used to be expended on granite and marble and sculptors for memorials that make us cringe today, and spending it on something that will help humanity in the measure that humanity has been harmed by war. New parks in which peace-loving citizens can stroll on a Sunday afternoon, and break open basket lunches; new orphanages that will welcome in abandoned waifs and transform them into stalwart citizens; new recreation centers, where adolescents can find enough good things to do to be saved from the suggestions of dark alleys and the atmosphere of dives and taverns; new housing projects that will destroy the slum areas in many large cities that so many Americans are forced to call home. These are war memorials that we are sure every dead soldier, on either side of the battle lines, would rise from his grave to plead for.

As one living ex-soldier expressed it: "I would rather see my name inscribed over one small swing in a playground than in all the marble-columned temples in the world."

Check-Up on Prophecy

Once in a while The Liguorian takes a fling at prophecy, and once in a while it has an opportunity to report on how good a prophecy it has made.

In February, 1944, a year and a half before the end of the war, in an open letter to the men in the armed forces, a very clear prophecy was made in The Liguorian and it is being fulfilled today. Telling service men that when they returned from the war, they would have to take an active part in promoting social and economic justice for all, the letter stated that this job would be complicated by clever and powerful propaganda on the part of a certain section of big business to bring the laboring classes under their complete domination again. Here are some exact quotations from that letter of 1944:

"You may as well know that the end of the war will be the signal for mighty efforts in this regard. The periodicals and magazines and newspapers that represent 'rugged individualism,' the groups that have never submitted gracefully to the gains in justice that have been earned by workingmen, are already using the war as an argument for the necessity of reverting to 'free enterprise' and 'unshackled liberty in the conduct of business' as the great ideals to be promoted after the war. What they want, of course, is that you shall come back to a job whose wages, hours, conditions, etc., will be entirely in their hands, with no dictation from the laws of the land nor from the united voices of you and your fellow workers."

We submit that this prophecy is being fulfilled. Last year, the National Association of Manufacturers, whose

slogan is "free enterprise," interpreted by its most vocal members as freedom from legal restraints of any kind on business and from having to heed the requests and demands of unions, spent just under 3 million dollars to influence public opinion in behalf of its notion of free enterprise, and this year it will spend over 3 billion dollars in the same cause.

Some of the effects of this propaganda are to be found in the proposed labor bills before Congress now: against the closed shop, against industry-wide collective bargaining, against the anti-injunction law, against the right to strike, etc. All this is happening when, through the NAM promoted rejection of price ceilings and resultant exorbitant rise in prices, profits for the majority of business concerns have leaped to all time highs. Thus is our prophecy being fulfilled.

And so may be repeated the advice that was also contained in that open letter of 1944: "Your task will be to come back (from the war), get a job, and then take an active part in making the voice of labor in industry clear, just, and strong. Don't come back and go to work and, because for the time being salaries may still be high and working conditions good, think that you need not worry about anything more. Don't be shortsighted! Good wages and working conditions will not last half a decade unless every working man unites with his fellow-workers, helps to drive Communists and racketeers out of control, studies on the side to fit himself for discussing the economic problems of his industry, and stands fast against the giving up of one iota of the power that united laboring men can wield to make justice reign and to bring and hold living wages within reach of all."

Doctrine Taboo!

If you enjoy the unconscious humor of the erudite and sophisticated, this will tickle you no end.

The very pretentious Philosophical Library, Inc., some time ago published a book called "The Bible for the Liberal." That in itself has elements of rare humor, since a "liberal" is one whose primary characteristic is a dogmatic, stiff-necked, hard-shell scorn of anything remotely like a revelation given by God to man. The bible is the record of God's revelation to man. Your true "liberal" suffers nausea at the mere mention of such a thing. It's funny to see somebody dishing up a bible just for him with his touchy and tender stomach.

But the humor becomes even rarer in the comments made on this bible by the "liberal" press. Says the *Saturday Review of Literature,* solemn and straight-faced: "Dr. Runes deletes from his anthology every chapter and verse of the bible that cannot be read profitably and solely for example of life and instruction of manners. He is not concerned with doctrine. Only what contributes to a better understanding of the meaning of life will be found in his pages."

That *is* a joke, son. The dish is made palatable to the "liberal" by the removal of all "doctrine." It is "doctrine" that really gives him the pip. But he can take any amount of what "contributes to a better understanding of the meaning of life," which is, of course, as good a definition of "doctrine" as any Noah Webster ever found. Doctrine is nothing other than teaching, truth, knowledge, wisdom that contributes to a better understanding of the meaning of life. And if you really want to eliminate all the "doctrine" from the bible, you will have left a few geneologies

and descriptions of nature and nothing more.

The idea of editing all "doctrine" out of the bible is one that could come only to a man or a group of men whose thinking apparatus has atrophied. A bible without doctrine? One might as well try to edit a symphony without notes!

Business Loves Freedom

There are few concepts that Americans have a harder time talking about sensibly than that of freedom. Freedom is a sacred thing, but it is hard to define. And frail freedom is being called upon so often to rush in and save somebody's business that she doesn't know, as the man in the insane asylum said, where she is at.

An example of the misuse of the word is to be found in the leading editorial of a recent issue of *Editor and Publisher,* the trade journal dedicated to the interests of the great American institution called the newspaper.

The thesis of the editorial is that the freedom of the press guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States has been sabotaged by the right of newspaper employees to strike. The author of the piece says:

"The Constitutional guarantee was meant to be a protection of the people's right to read. In turn it was a safeguard for the right of the publisher to print and imposes responsibilities on the publisher. But the Constitution, highest authority in the land, has been relegated to second place by the authority of labor unions over the right of the people to read and the right of the publisher to print."

Of course, no such thing has happened to the Constitution. The Constitution did not command anybody to publish a newspaper and it did not command anybody to work for a newspaper. It merely said in effect that if anybody wanted to publish a newspaper, he would not be told by the government what to print and what not to print. A hundred newspapers could go out of business tomorrow (as hundreds do go out of business every year when they begin to lose money) without interfering with "the people's right to read" and without destroying the principle of the Constitution. By the same token a thousand newspaper employees could stop working for newspapers tomorrow (as they have a right to do if they are not paid enough wages to live on, or even if they just decide that they would prefer to be plumbers or bricklayers) without destroying the freedom of the press or sabotaging the Constitution. The law that guarantees a workman's right to strike has no more to do with freedom of the press than it has to do with forcing people into the newspaper business, or into staying with the business after they have had an unsuccessful fling at it.

Difference

Said an animated young lady with a cocktail on her breath to a grizzled old general:

"General, do you really think the girls of your day were better than the girls of today?"

The general grunted: "I don't know that they were better, but they sure smelled better."



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies
Chapter V. Heresies of the Fifth Century

3. *The Nestorian Heresy.*

Scarcely had the Pelagian heresy been condemned in the African Councils than the Church was called upon to combat the heresy of Nestorius, who dared to call into doubt the maternity of the Mother of God. Like Ebian, Paul of Samosata and Photinus before him, Nestorius claimed that Christ was a mere man in whom God dwelt as in His temple and that, therefore, Mary was not the mother of God, but of Christ.

Nestorius was born in a small town in Syria. He was educated in the monastery of St. Euprepius near Antioch and ordained to the priesthood by Theodotus who assigned to him the duty of catechist that he might explain the faith to those who already possessed it and defend it against heretics. Nestorius acquitted himself in this office with such zeal, defending the faith against the Arians, Apollinarists, and Origenists, that he merited both the admiration and imitation of St. John Chrysostom. Such was his eloquence and appearance of piety that, at the instigation of the Emperor, Theodosius the Younger, and to the great joy of the people, he was consecrated Bishop of Constantinople. During his first sermon at Constantinople, he is said to have turned to the Emperor and exclaimed: "Grant to me, O Emperor, an earth purged of heresy, and I will give to you heaven: aid me in wiping out heresy and I, in turn will aid you in wiping out the Persians."

Nestorius' piety, however, proved to be pharisaical and his appearance of mortification but a cloak for pride. It is true that he did diligently combat the Arians and other heretics, but only that he might find his own errors more acceptable. Anastasius, a priest whom he had brought with him from Antioch, one day preached that it was wrong to call Mary the Mother of God, for she was a mere creature. The people could hardly believe their ears and immediately went to Nestorius demanding that such boldness be punished. But Nestorius publicly approved the words of the priest, himself declaring in a sermon, to which the people listened in shocked silence: "The creature did not bear the Creator, but she bore a man, the instrument of the Godhead."

The people became so incensed at this turn of events that they threatened to throw their false pastor into the sea. But Nestorius did not lack followers, who made up for their fewness in numbers by their greater power and authority. Nor did Nestorius hesitate to resort to cruelty and torture, on one occasion casting a group of monks, who disagreed with him, into prison and having them beat unmercifully and treated shamefully.

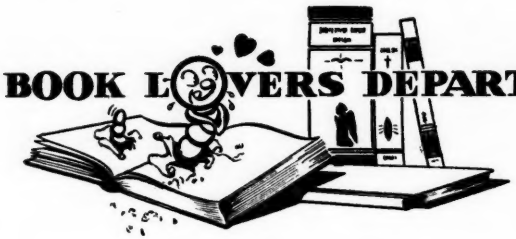
Fortunately, Nestorius found a worthy opponent in St. Cyril, Bishop of

Alexandria. When Cyril heard of the tumult at Constantinople, he wrote a letter to all the monks of Egypt, exhorting them not to become involved in such disputes and explaining to them the true faith on the matter. He also wrote an admonishing letter to Nestorius, but received only an hypocritical reply. Meanwhile, the disturbances at Constantinople grew in volume. It became a by-word of the people, that "we have an emperor, but no Bishop." Many openly rebuked him, and one monk went so far as to call Nestorius a heretic to his face. But with all of these Nestorius dealt in his own way, casting some into prison, torturing others and sending still others into exile.

St. Cyril made a last attempt to overcome the obstinacy of Nestorius, writing another letter. But when he realized that this was hopeless, he wrote a long treatise to the emperor, explaining the Catholic faith, and, in another letter to Pope St. Celestine, informed the Pope of Nestorius' heresy. Nestorius, likewise, wrote to Celestine claiming that his opponents were followers of Pelagius, jealous of his episcopacy, and enemies of the emperor. Later he sent his books to the Pope, accompanying them with a letter explaining why he held that the Virgin could not be called the Mother of God, but only the 'bearer of Christ.' In the year 430 Pope St. Celestine assembled a synod in Rome and commanded that the writings of Nestorius be examined. The synod not only condemned the writings as blasphemous, but demanded that Nestorius be deposed from the episcopacy within ten days if he did not publicly revoke his errors. To St. Cyril the Pope consigned the task of carrying out this decree. The ten days, however, passed without any sign from Nestorius. Meanwhile, however, the emperor Theodosius, at the request of the faithful and of Nestorius himself commanded that a General Council be convened. The Pope gladly agreed, even allowing Nestorius to retain his episcopacy until the Council could arrive at a definition. Celestine decreed that the Council was to be held at Ephesus and that St. Cyril was to preside over it as his legate. Early in June of 431 the bishops began to arrive at the city. Nestorius, accompanied by a large retinue was among the first arrivals. Later St. Cyril arrived, accompanied by fifty bishops from Egypt, and soon 150 other bishops joined themselves to them.

The first session of the Council was held on June 22 in St. Mary's, the cathedral church of the city, and lasted from morning until nightfall When the letters of Cyril and Nestorius had been read, the Fathers of the Council exclaimed unanimously: "We anathematize the writings and dogmas of Nestorius." The Synod then set about composing a formal condemnation of the doctrines of Nestorius and a deposition of the heretic from every ecclesiastical dignity. This sentence was made known to the people, who had waited outside the church all day, and the city of Ephesus gave itself over to an unparalleled public demonstration of joy which lasted the whole of the following day.

The heresy of Nestorianism, however, did not die with Nestorius. It spread through the Orient even as far as the Indies. And to this day the heresy still claims followers. (*Editor's Note*: In modern times many Nestorians have returned to the true Catholic faith.)



Conducted by T. Tobin,

CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Msgr. John A. Ryan, 1869-1945

I. Life:

John Ryan was born on a farm about twenty miles from St. Paul, Minnesota, on May 25, 1869. Though both his parents came from Tipperary, they did not meet until they came to the United States. John's early education was received at a country school. During the school year of 1886-1887 he attended the Christian Brothers High School. After this year he entered the St. Paul Minor Seminary and then the Major Seminary. He was ordained in 1898. Following his ordination he took four years of post-graduate work at the Catholic University, which awarded him the degree of Doctor of Theology in 1906. From 1902 until 1915 Father Ryan taught Moral Theology at St. Paul Seminary. He taught at the Catholic University from 1915 until the time of his death. His principal field has always been the application of the principles of Moral Theology to the fields of industrial and social relations. In this work he gained national prominence. He served on many Governmental and civic committees. Many universities conferred on him honorary degrees. In recognition of his outstanding work in Catholic social activity he was made a Domestic Prelate in 1933. Until the time of his death he was the Secretary of the Social Action Department of the N. C. W. C. Monsignor Ryan died on September 15, 1945. He was honored by all as a great pioneer in the realm of Catholic social theory and practice.

II. Writings:

From his earliest years Monsignor Ryan was interested in social reform. Both his parents had memories of evictions from their homes in Ireland to serve as a stimulant to the betterment of conditions of the poor. Even as a seminarian he published a series of articles on Socialism in a Catholic paper. His doctorate thesis at the Catholic University contained in germ the subject matter of most of his later books. The title of the thesis was, *A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspect. Socialism: Promise or Menace* resulted from a debate with Morris Hillquit. Monsignor Ryan regarded *Distributive Justice* as his most important work. *Catholic Principles of Politics,* a treatise on the relation between Church and State, was written in collaboration with Father Boland, C. S. C.

III. The Book:

In 1941 Monsignor Ryan published an autobiographical memoir, *Social Doctrine in Action.* This book is a delightful narration of the beginnings of Catholic Social action in the United States and of the role that Monsignor Ryan had in the development of this work. Only one who had long been engaged in it could write such a true account of this work. The great names of Church and State figure in these pages. The struggles and difficulties encountered are related. This is a very interesting and personal introduction to the social work of the Church in the United States.

March Book Reviews

The Spiritual Life— The great Dominican Theologian, Father Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange has given a course in Ascetical and Mystical Theology at the Angelicum University in Rome for the past twenty years. These notes have been arranged in book form under the title, *The Three Ages of the Spiritual Life* (Herder, 494 pp., $5.00.) Sister M. Timothea, O. P., the translator of several other works by Father Garrigou-Lagrange, is also the translator of this latest book. This book is a masterly synthesis of the entire spiritual life. The author tells us that it summarizes the doctrine found in two other books, *Christian Perfection and Contemplation* and *The Love of God and the Cross of Jesus*. But it is really more than that. It presents in a clear fashion the fundamental truths of the spiritual life. The first volume is divided into two main sections. The first part treats of the sources and goals of the life with God. These seventeen chapters deal with such basic truths as, Sanctifying Grace, Indwelling of the Blessed Trinity, Mystical Body, Mary as Mediatrix of Grace, and Christian Perfection. Part two is concerned with the first Age or State of the spiritual life, the state of the beginner, or the Purgative Way. The basic concern of mortification is dealt with in several chapters. Chapters are devoted to the mortification of the senses, the internal faculties and the intellect, and the uprooting of the seeds of the capital sins. Then the basic means of grace, prayer and the Sacraments, are explained. The book closes with a consideration of retarded souls. Volume One follows with exactness the arrangement of the original French. The second and larger volume which remains to be translated considers the other two ages of the life of the soul.

This book is undoubtedly a classic treatise on the basic principles of Ascetical and Mystical Theology. It shows the clarity and sureness of one at home in the Theology of St. Thomas. It could be written only as a result of years of study and reflection. The depth and breadth of his knowledge are brought home in a very impressive manner. Father Garrigou-Lagrange has based this work on St. Thomas, St. John of the Cross and St. Francis de Sales. It is an excellent reference work for theological students. Priests and religious would do well to spend considerable time in reflection on the matter contained in *The Three Ages of the Spiritual Life*. We shall look forward to the appearance of the second volume.

Teresa, John and Therese— Father Brice, C. P. has added another book to his two previous ones on Carmelite Mysticism. He has studied some phases of St. John of the Cross, but now he studies the three great Carmelite Mystics, *Teresa, John and Therese* (Pustet, 336 pp., $4.00). This book compares the life, teachings and virtues of the three Saints. Quite properly, there is no attempt to compare the degree of sanctity attained by each of them. It rather shows how their spirituality is very similar. After a consideration of the factual details of the three lives, the book studies various influences that Teresa and John had on each other and on the Little Flower. Many of the chapters are divided into three sections, one for each Saint under discussion. Such important topics as suffering, cheerfulness, courage, humility, obedience, zeal, prayer, and love are among the points considered. Quotations from the works of the three Saints, and examples from their lives, make the chapters very readable and instructive. This is an excellent book to serve as an introduction to these Saints. In fact it is a much better introduction than the two other books of the author that have as their avowed intent to lead the reader to St. John of the Cross. It is also a fine book in its own right, as a storehouse of principles and practices of three of the greatest Saints of God. Priests and religious will derive profit from reading it. Retreat Masters will find good material for their work.

Life of Father Damien—An old Irish Monk wrote: "There is a red martyrdom and a white martyrdom. The red martyrdom is achieved when one gives up his life for a Sacred Cause, the white martyrdom is the daily dying to oneself." Father John Henaghan, who received the red martyrdom in the Philippines, has written of Father Damien who gained the *White Martyrdom* (St. Columban's, 7 pp., $1.25). This is a short simple presentation of the well known facts of the life of the Apostle of the Lepers, and it helps to reveal some of the character traits of one who has endeared himself to the world.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—Father Joseph Damian Pendergast, O. P., died in 1942 without seeing the great desire of his heart fulfilled. His ardent desire was to see his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament propagated among those whom he could not reach personally. Before he died he asked someone to continue his work. This unnamed person has written, *True Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament* (Pustet, 217 pp., $2.50). Though none of the book is actually from the pen of Father Pendergast, the book is according to his spirit. The special feature of Father Pendergast's devotion was to insist on devotion to Christ as present in all the Tabernacles of the World. He preached this devotion as being closer to the reality of Christ's purpose in being present on the altars. This devotion, according to the author, will make the Christian soul more concerned with Christ than with self. He claims that it is new in this sense, that it emphasizes an aspect of the Eucharistic devotion that recent ages have forgotten. The first part of the book shows the need for man and society to possess a true devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The second part explains the theology of Christ's Sacramental presence in all the Tabernacles of the world. The third and fourth sections deal with the conditions and effects of this devotion.

Bishop Ready writes in the preface: "This is not just another treatise on the Holy Eucharist. It is, indeed, a profound theological synthesis of Eucharistic dogmas." The book will help souls to acquire a greater love for Christ in His Eucharistic presence.

History's Most Terrifying Peace—It is another evidence of the existence of freedom of speech in the United States that Dr. Austin J. App could publish this booklet, *History's Most Terrifying Peace* (San Antonio, 109 pp., $1.00). The author condemns in no uncertain terms the peace policy dictated by the Morgenthau Plan of a hard peace. Rightly does the author maintain that there is no such thing as a hard or soft peace, but only a just or unjust one. In practical terms a hard peace means an unjust one. The title for this book is taken from a statement found in *Time* Magazine: "Europe has emerged from history's most terrifying war into history's most terrifying peace." This booklet contains thirteen essays on various aspects of the peace. The greatest crime of the age has been committed, according to the author, not by the Italians, Japanese or Germans, but by the Allies. He shows how the pagan concept, "to the victor belongs the spoils," has been reintroduced into international affairs. The killing of the enemy leaders, the taking of territory, the outraging of women, and the forcible ejection of millions of conquered people have been among the results stemming from this pre-Christian principle. Despite the terrible picture drawn by the author, the booklet ends on a note of hope. In September of 1946 the then Secretary of State, Byrnes, scrapped the hate-Germany policy and started the return to the Christian principle of love for the neighbor, especially those in great need of body and soul.

This is a provocative book. Its facts seem to be true, though at times one wonders about the universality of some of them. In general, one is forced to agree with many of the conclusions drawn. It presents the story of the peace against the background of Catholic principles.

BOOKS FOR LENT

Suggested By Rev. J. J. Considine, M. M.
Editor of *Field Afar*

I—SPECIFICALLY SPIRITUAL

THE DIVINE PITY
By Gerald Vann, O. P.
Beautifully written, deeply spiritual—an interpretation of the Eight Beatitudes in the light of their social implications, each with reference to the Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the Sacraments.
Sheed and Ward $2.50

MOST WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE
By Vincent P. McCorry, S. J.
A book that has gained wide acceptability among lay folk and religious for its freshness and good humor in contemplating the enduring things.
McMullen $2.00

PREFACE TO RELIGION
By Fulton J. Sheen
A popular appeal for the use of practical intelligence in the living of our spiritual lives, combating hate with strong love of God and neighbor.
Kenedy $2.50

THE BEST PLACE FOR SAVINGS

The other day we heard a man say: "I wish it were still possible to buy war bonds. Since the war is over, I've been either spending my money foolishly or letting it lie idly in the bank."

"Where have you been, brother?" we immediately asked. "It *is* still possible to buy U. S. Savings Bonds—the same as during the war. And the same pay-roll deduction plan can be used to make sure you get the bonds before you spend your money foolishly. And the bonds still pay you $4 for every $3 you invest." The Liguorian, in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America, recommends these U. S. Savings Bonds as not only a guaranteed investment for the future, but also as a means of curbing inflation and national insecurity.

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Motion Picture Guide

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Beauty and the Bandit
Black Beauty
Blondie's Big Moment
Blondie Knows Best
Boston Blackie and the Law
Captains Courageous
Claudia and David
Courage of Lassie
Crime Doctor's Man Hunt
Dangerous Millions
Dangerous Money
Desert Horseman, The
Devil's Playground, The
Down Missouri Way
Driftin' River
Falcon's Adventure, The
Faithful in My Fashion
Fighting Frontiersman, The
Fool's Gold
Gallant Bess
Galloping Thunder
Gallant Journey
Gas House Kids
Gentleman Joe Palooka
Ginger
God's Country
Gunman's Code
Heading West
Home in Oklahoma
Home Sweet Homicide
If I'm Lucky
Inner Circle, The
Johnny Frenchman
Jolson Story, The
Landrush
Lawless Breed
Life of Mother Cabrini (English, Italian and Polish)
Little Miss Big
Love Laughs at Andy Hardy
Magic Bow, The
Man from Rainbow Valley, The
Margie
Mighty McGurk, The
Mr. Hex
My Brother Talks to Horses
My Pal Trigger
'Neath Canadian Skies
No Love, No Leave
O. S. S.
Out California Way
Outlaw of the Plains
Overland Riders
Overlanders, The
Personality Kid
Rainbow Over the Rockies
Rio Grande Raiders
Roll on Texas Moon
Rolling Home
Rustler's Roundup
St. Theresa of Lisieux (Re-Issue)
Santa Fe Uprising
Schrammeln (German)
Shadows of the Range
Shadows Over Chinatown
Shocking Miss Pilgrim, The
Show-Off, The
Silver Range
Singin' in the Corn
Singing on the Trail
Sister Kenny
Slightly Scandalous
Song of the Sierras
Song of the South
South of Monterey
Spook Busters
Stagecoach to Denver
Story of the Pope, The
Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
Terror Trail
That Texas Jamboree
13 Rue Madeleine
Three Little Girls in Blue
Three Wise Fools
Till the Clouds Roll By
Trail to Mexico
Trap, The
Trigger Fingers
Tumbleweed Trails
Two Years Before the Mast
Under Arizona Skies
Wake Up and Dream
Wild Beauty
Wild West
Yearling, The

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Ladies' Man—Paramount
Mr. District Attorney—Columbia
Strange Journey—20th Century-Fox

Previously Reviewed

Accomplice
Angel on My Shoulder
Bachelor's Daughters, The
Below the Deadline
Betty Co-ed
Big Town
Black Angel, The
Blonde for a Day
Boomtown (Re-Issue)
Bowery Bombshell
Brief Encounter
Brute Man
Caesar and Cleopatra
California
Chase, The
Child of Divorce
Cloak and Dagger
Cluny Brown
Crack-Up
Criminal Court
Danger Woman
Dark Mirror, The
Deadline for Murder
Dead of Night
Deception
Decoy
Dick Tracy versus Cueball
Drifting Along
Earl Carroll Sketchbook
Fabulous Suzanne, The
Flight to Nowhere
Freddie Steps Out
From This Day Forward
Great Waltz, The (Re-Issue)
Henry the Fifth
Her Sister's Secret
High School Hero
In Fast Company
Invisible Informer, The
It's a Wonderful Life
I've Always Loved You
I Was a Criminal (formerly Passport to Heaven)
Killers, The
Lady in the Lake
Lady Luck
Last Crooked Mile, The
Little Miss Iodine
Locket, The
Magnificent Doll
Man from Morocco
Missing Lady, The
Monsieur Beaucaire
My Darling Clementine
Mysterious Intruder
Nobody Lives Forever
Nocturne
Notorious
One Exciting Week
Perfect Marriage, The
Plainsman and the Lady, The
Rage in Heaven (Re-Issue)
Razor's Edge, The
Rendezvous With Annie
Return of Monte Cristo, The
San Quentin
Sea of Grass
Secret Heart, The
Secret of the Whistler
Shadowed
So Dark the Night
Stairway to Heaven
Step by Step
Stormy Waters (French)
Strange Holiday
Strange Voyage
Strange Woman, The
Strange Triangle
Susie Steps Out
Swell Guy
Time of Their Lives, The
Time, the Place, the Girl, The
Tomorrow Is Forever
Undercurrent
Unknown, The
Vacation in Reno
Wanted for Murder (British)
White Tie and Tails
Wife Wanted
Years Between, The

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